Military Morals in the Philippines—By General Charles King

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAY 31, 1902 FIVE CENTS THE COPY




For these dead, O Lord,
Thy green fields among,
Sheathed is the sword,
Quiet the tongue.

In some by-and-by
On earth, may strife cease,
Man not have to die
Ere he find peace.

OWEN WISTER.

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# A CORONATION ODE—By Bliss Carman

THERE are joy-bells over England, there are flags on London town;
There is bunting on the Channel, where the fleets go up and down;
There are bonfires alight
In the pageant of the night;
There are bands that blare for splendor, and guns that speak for might;
For another King in England is coming to the crown.

As it was in Saxon Britain, and through the Norman's sway,
And with the mighty Tudors, so it must be to-day.
For the English kings must hold
From Alfred, great of old,
From Sea-king and Crusader and Elizabeth the Bold,
And every free-born Commoner whose strength is England's stay.

They will take him up to Westminster, and set him in his place;
And Church and Lords and Commons will stand before his face,
And hear him make reply,
In the name of God Most High,
To be their Faith's Defender, as it was in days gone by,
With the thousand years behind him and the glory of his race.

They will give him orb and sceptre, the chalice, spurs and sword;
And vest him with the purple to kneel before his Lord;
Then he will rise from prayer,
In the ancient Minster there,
And hear the world's four corners proclaim the troth they bear,
And cry, "God save King Edward," and pledge the liegeman's word.

They will keep the old tradition that fills the world with fame;
They will hold by use and custom, and repeat the sounding name;
And men a million strong
Will give him shout and song,
Where the trappings and the banners and the blazons move along,
When the bells make din by day and by night the rockets flame.

There'll be men of little learning, and men of proven worth,
Of every caste and every creed, come up from all the earth,
To watch him brave and fine,
To speak of right divine—
Plantagenet and Lancaster and Stuart in his line—
And bless the blameless memory of Her who gave him birth.

But who will stand before him, with simple words and few
And a knowledge of the morrow, and tell him straight and true,
Not only by God's grace
He comes unto his place,
The sovereignty of office, the reverend pride of race,
But by their will who choose him as their fathers used to do?

By the touch of love that kindles the blood beneath the tan;
By the loyalty they bear him because he is a man
Who has learned the modest way
To serve and to obey,
Who never flinched from duty, nor faltered in fair-play;
For the world is held together by the link of code and clan.

Stand up, Sir, in your honor! They come from near and far,
Rajah and Chief and Councilor and Prince and Rasseldar,
From Canada and Ind
And the lands behind the wind,
Whose purpose none may question nor their decree rescind,
To name you King of England for the gentleman you are.

Premier and Peer and Senator, they come from far and near,
In kilted worn war-harness, in fez and jeweled gear,
In their proud fealty,
The new-world chivalry
From Melbourne and Toronto and the islands of the sea,
To render trust and tribute of all men hold most dear.

What people are these passing to the sound of pipe and drum;
In the garments of all nations, and singing as they come?
By the color on the cheek,
By the accent when they speak,
They are foreign-born and alien, and their homes are far to seek;
But they all come up to England, when England calls them home.

And these who speak the English tongue not in the English way,
With the careless mien and temper self-assured, whose sons are they?
By the larger, looser stride,
By the ampler ease and pride,
By the quicker catch at laughter and the outlook keener-eyed,
They were bred beneath the tent-cloth of a wider, whiter day.

From the rough red tides of Fundy where the ships go far inland,
To Kamloops where the hills are set as at a council grand;
From the waving Northern light
At the edge of polar night,
Where underneath the burnished stars the bitter trail is bright,
To the inland seas that sparkle where goodly orchards stand;

By prairie, swale and barren, by jungle and lagoon,
Where endless palm-trees rustle and the creamy breakers croon,
By canyon, ford and pass,
By desert and morass,
In snows like stinging lashes, on seas like burning glass,
By every land and water beneath the great lone moon;

Our fathers died for England at the outposts of the world;
Our mothers toiled for England where the settler's smoke upcurled;
By packet, steam and rail,
By portage, trek and trail,
They bore a thing called honor in hearts that did not quail,
Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw their scarlet sign unfurled.

And little did they leave us of fame or land or gold;
Yet they gave us great possessions in a heritage untold;
For they said, "Ye shall be clean,
Nor ever false nor mean,
For God and for your country and the honor of your Queen,
Till ye meet the death that waits you with your plighted faith unsold.

"We have fought the long, great battle of the liberty of man,
And only asked a goodly death uncraven in the van;
We have journeyed travel-worn
Through envy and through scorn,
But the faith that was within us we have stubbornly upborne,
For we saw the perfect structure behind the rough-hewn plan.

"We have toiled by land and river, we have labored on the sea;
If our blindness made us blunder, our courage made us free.
We suffered or we throve,
We delved and fought and strove,
But born to the ideals of order, law and love,
To our birthright we were loyal, and loyal shall ye be!"

O East they go and West they go, and never can they bide,
For the longing that is in them, and the whisper at their side!
They may 'stablish hearth and home,
But the sons will forth and roam,
As their fathers did before them, across the hollow foam,
Till strange lands lift to greet them at the edges of the tide.

They have visions of a country that sorrow never knew;
They have rumors of a region where the heart has naught to rue;
And never will they rest
Till they reach the fabled West,
That is charted, dim but certain, in the Volume of the Breast,
And forever they are dreamers who make the dream come true.

In the North they are far forward, in the South they have begun,
The English of three continents who take their rule from none,
But follow on the gleam
Of an ancient, splendid dream,
That has manhood for its fabric, perfection for its theme—
With freedom for its morning-star, and knowledge for its sun.

And slowly, very slowly, the gorgeous dream grows bright,
Where rise the four Democracies of Anglo-Saxon might;
The Republic, fair, alone;
The Commonwealth new-grown;
The proud, reserved Dominion with a story of her own;
And One that shall emerge at length from travail, war and blight.

O doubt not, wrong, oppression, and violence, and tears,
The ignorance and anguish and folly of the years,
Must pass and leave a mind
More sane, a soul more kind,
And the slow ages shall evolve a loftier mankind,
When over lust and carnage the great white peace appears.

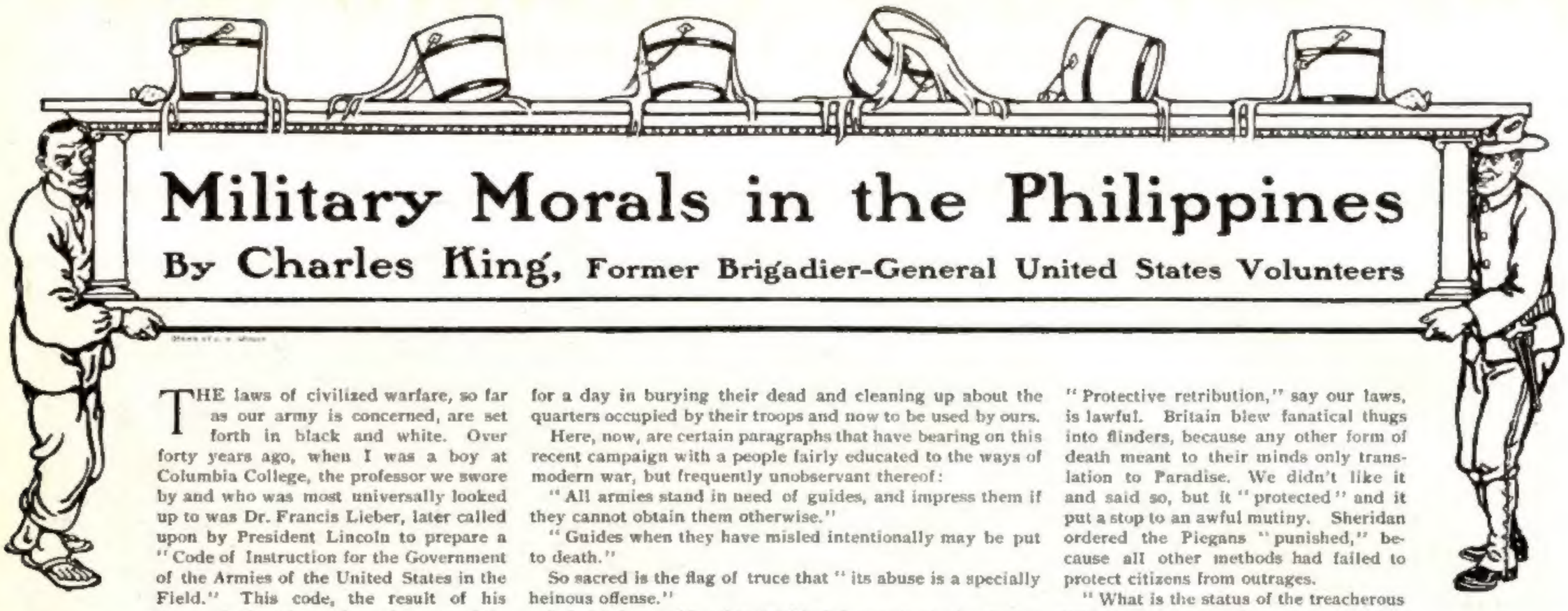
For surely, very surely, will come the Prince of Peace
To still the shrieking shrapnel and bid the Maxims cease—
Not as invaders come
With gun-wheel and with drum,
But with the tranquil joyance of lovers going home
Through the scented summer twilight, when the spirit has release.

By sea and plain and mountain will spread the larger creed—
The love that knows no border, the bond that knows no breed;
For the little word of right
Must grow with truth and might,
Till monster-hearted Mammon and his sycophants take flight,
And vex the world no longer with rapine and with greed.

O England, little mother by the sleepless Northern tide,
Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust and pride,
Very tenderly we turn
With welling hearts that yearn
Still to love you and defend you,—let the sons of men discern
Wherein your right and title, might and majesty reside.

O Sir, no empty rumor comes up the earth to-day
From the kindred and the peoples and the tribes a world away;
For they know the Law will hold
And be equal as of old,
With conscience never questioned and justice never sold,
And beneath the form and letter the spirit will have play.

When you hear the princely concourse take up the word and sing,
And the Abbey of our fathers with acclamations ring,
Know well that, true and free,
By the changeless heart's decree,
On all the winds of heaven and the currents of the sea
From the verges of the Empire will come, "God save the King!"



# Military Morals in the Philippines

## By Charles King, Former Brigadier-General United States Volunteers

THE laws of civilized warfare, so far as our army is concerned, are set forth in black and white. Over forty years ago, when I was a boy at Columbia College, the professor we swore by and who was most universally looked up to was Dr. Francis Lieber, later called upon by President Lincoln to prepare a "Code of Instruction for the Government of the Armies of the United States in the Field." This code, the result of his years of thought and study, was duly issued (with the author's name misspelled) by the Adjutant-General's Department at Washington "for the information of all concerned." This code became the core of the famous General Order No. 100 now so often referred to. It was thirty-nine years old the twenty-fourth of April last. It is as good to-day as it was the day of its birth.

First we are taught that martial law, with or without proclamation thereof, exists in any place, district or country occupied by an enemy, and, except by special proclamation, martial law does not cease during hostile occupation. It is simply military authority exercised in accordance with the laws and usages of war. It is of two kinds: 1st, that which is conferred and defined by statute; 2d, that which is derived from the common law of war.

### The Wages of Treachery in War

"Military necessity consists," said Doctor Lieber," in the necessity of those measures which are indispensable for securing the ends of the war and which are lawful according to the modern law and usages of war." It does not admit of inflicting suffering for the mere sake of suffering, nor of maiming except in fight, nor of the use of poison in any way, nor of the wanton devastation of a district, but "*it admits of deception.*" Hence Funston had law as well as grit behind him when he hoodwinked Aguinaldo. "War is not carried on by arms alone," says Lieber. It is lawful to starve the foe, armed or unarmed, so that it leads to the speedier subjection of the enemy. It is lawful to bombard without giving the enemy time to remove the women and children, for "surprise may be a necessity." Custom and humanity only prescribe that "when admissible" the enemy be forewarned. A citizen or native of a hostile country, though not personally in arms, is yet an enemy and subject to the hardships of war. Nevertheless, private citizens are no longer killed, enslaved or carried off. The old rule was that the private individual should suffer equally with the soldier. The modern rule is protection of the inoffensive citizen.

Commanding generals may cause magistrates and civil officials of hostile countries to take the oath of temporary allegiance, and, whether they take it or not, civil officers owe strict obedience to the victors "*at the peril of their lives.*"

"Retaliation cannot be wholly dispensed with," but must be resorted to only as a measure of "protective retribution." In fine: "The more vigorously wars are pursued, the better it is for humanity. Sharp wars are brief."

So much for the law in general, but there are interesting details as to property, protection of person, punishment of crime, etc. "Pillage and sacking, even after taking a place by main force," as well as assaults on women, wounding, maiming, etc., are prohibited under penalty of death, and all crimes punishable by penal codes at home, "if committed by an American soldier in a hostile country against its inhabitants," are visited by the severest punishments known to law.

Troops that give no quarter can expect no quarter, but—and here's a point that has had to be considered in a previous warfare in which, time and again, we gave quarter to a foe that was never known to show mercy—"a commander is permitted to direct his troops to give no quarter when his own salvation makes it *impossible* to cumber himself with prisoners."

As to prisoners of war they are to be confined, but subjected to no indignity. "They may, however, be required to work for the benefit of the captor's government." Now, so careful was Major-General Otis of the sensibilities of Filipino prisoners that I remember receiving a message after the battle of Santa Ana, stopping their work. We had employed them for a day in burying their dead and cleaning up about the quarters occupied by their troops and now to be used by ours.

Here, now, are certain paragraphs that have bearing on this recent campaign with a people fairly educated to the ways of modern war, but frequently unobservant thereof:

"All armies stand in need of guides, and impress them if they cannot obtain them otherwise."

"Guides when they have misled intentionally may be put to death."

So sacred is the flag of truce that "its abuse is a specially heinous offense."

It is justly considered bad faith, infamy, etc., to deceive an enemy by "flags of protection." It was one of these that the natives used when they murdered our young naval cadet, ashore in quest of water.

"To what extent," I am asked, "are these laws binding when the enemy is a savage or racially treacherous people?" Only so far, I should say, as can be done without placing one's own command in jeopardy. For instance: The sacred flag of truce was called by our Indians "a fool flag," and was used by the Modocs in '73 to lure officers out to answer it. By means of it they killed Lieutenant Sherwood and later butchered General Canby and the Peace Commissioners. In March, 1899, it was used by the Tagal Insurgents to lure Major Frank White (now Governor of North Dakota) and a detachment forward from the trenches covering the south front of Manila. They opened fire on this little command as soon as it was well out in the open ground. In the battle of the fifth of February, 1899, some insurgents occupying a redoubt in front of the left of my line, finding themselves cut off, raised a white flag, and then shot dead the first man to rush forward at sight of it. To such as these the law as to the sacred character of the flag of truce is inapplicable.

By later laws than those of Lieber the "Red Cross" has been adopted by European nations and our own as the badge of the hospital, the surgeons and the attendants. It should be as secure from fire as the flag of truce. Our Indians, of course, respected no law of war except their own, which read, practically, exterminate, kill, burn and destroy, but the Tagals were Spanish taught and Christianized. They knew the meaning of the Geneva Cross and, knowing it, shot into the ambulances of my brigade the day of Santa Ana, fired on our wounded from the shelter of our own homes, killed an ambulance driver close to our hospital, and this behind our fighting line and from the dwellings we had protected for weeks. People "racially treacherous" as these might well be considered undeserving the shelter of the Red Cross. But in spite of this their wounded received precisely the care and attention given our own. This and other kindnesses they misinterpreted. They thought the Americans afraid.

### Justification by Retaliatory Law

"What means and what degree of severity are justified by the law of retaliation?" Only to the point of "protective retribution," says the law, and leaves to the commander to judge for himself what protective retribution may be. To those of us who had comrades ambushed and slaughtered in cold blood by Indians whom we had been coddling and feeding the week before, to the men of the Ninth Infantry, so many of whose brethren were hacked to death through the treachery of the natives at Balangiga, to the fellow-countrymen of the captured soldiers and hapless, helpless women cruelly done to death by Sepoys at Cawnpore, "protective retribution" in big doses seemed appropriate, but sentimentalists said no.

The Eastern papers scored Sheridan unmercifully for his punishment of the Piegans, which everybody on the frontier declared retributive justice. And now, many of the same journals are denouncing our fellows in Samar, yet gave the consent of silence, at least, to the wholesale shooting that followed and put final end to the New York riots of July, 1863. Sympathy with savage foes seems to vary with the square of the distance. Boston shuddered over the thrashing given the long-time triumphant Apaches. So did all America when John Bull blew his Indian fiends from the guns. Recent German papers, it is said, have been exploding over the awful deeds of our army in the Philippines, yet in China it is universal testimony that our men were far more humane than theirs.

It is easy to talk sentiment ten thousand miles away. "Protective retribution," say our laws, is lawful. Britain blew fanatical thugs into flinders, because any other form of death meant to their minds only translation to Paradise. We didn't like it and said so, but it "protected" and it put a stop to an awful mutiny. Sheridan ordered the Piegans "punished," because all other methods had failed to protect citizens from outrages.

"What is the status of the treacherous Filipino to whom the water cure has been applied?" The status of the one of which we have approximately reliable information is that he was the "*Presidente*" of a township of ten thousand people under the protection of the United States, and having, probably, taken the oath of allegiance, and, whether having taken it or not, was "at the peril of his life," so says the law, bound to strict obedience so long as he acted as *Presidente*. Now a most efficient and energetic American officer had been charged with the duty of dispersing insurgents and capturing arms and ammunition in that district. He had every reason to believe the *Presidente*, although sworn to our service, was a captain of the insurgents, that he knew where the arms were and that he refused to tell. Spanish masters would have settled that matter on the spot, but the *Presidente* was shrewd enough to profit by American sentiment against torture.

### The Famous Water Cure and the "Patients"

Arrest and trial would only have resulted in triumph for the *Presidente* for lack of evidence. No native thinks it a shame to lie, save when the lie fail of its purpose. The problem was to get those rifles, find out who were "*amigos*" to our faces and armed enemies the instant our backs were turned. The papers say the *Presidente*, despite his office and his obligation, refused to tell. He was not a prisoner of war. He was a double-dealing, treacherous, stab-in-the-back Malay, like his brother of Balangiga. The Major had one of two things to do: give up the job and leave the arms in the possession of the natives, or get them. There were two ways to get them: dig up the whole village or induce the *Presidente* to tell. He had not the men, the means or the authority to dig up the whole village, so the papers say that he permitted the "water cure" to be administered, and when the *Presidente* finally gave up he gave up guns and cartridges and information in abundance. It sounds like a true story. I know the officer. I have known him for years, and I believe that he and his innumerable friends in and out of the army are thankful that his case is to be tried by court martial, and that its proceedings are to be reviewed at Washington.

"Do the exigencies of Philippine warfare ever justify acts which to citizens at home seem unwarrantably cruel?" Often. From a whole string of houses in East Paco they fired on our wounded and attendants the day of Santa Ana, and those smiling homes went up in smoke. From the walls and tower of a church far within our lines, and one we had been guarding against possibility of desecration, they fired on our people for hours. That church was burned. At the battle of Santa Ana, to escape our charging line, a battalion threw down its arms on the bank of the Pasig, and was safe. Other insurgents threw arms and selves into the Pasig and failed to reach the other shore. Certain papers made furious outcry at this, saying we "slaughtered helpless natives in cold blood." We didn't. We were following strictly the laws of war the world over.

"Has the war in the Philippines been waged with undue serverity?" Emphatically no!

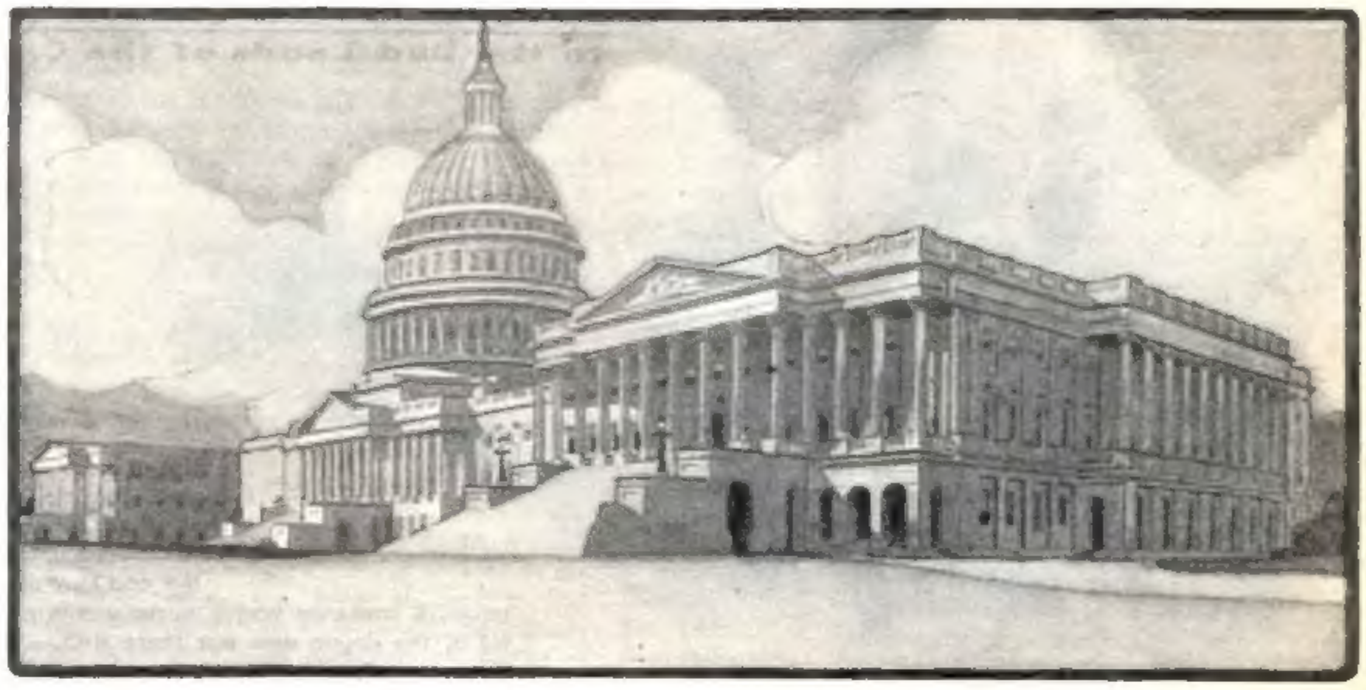
"Have or have not the extreme measures in some instances taken been justified?" I know of no instance, even in Samar, where what was done was not provoked. Consider what the law says anent "treacherous guides," and, even in the cases of the natives that sought to starve the marines and stab their officer, it would seem as though "the punishment fit the crime."

Finally, be patient enough to remember that neither Indian nor Malay was ever successfully handled with gloves; that despite all the trimming and humanizing in the course of centuries of the laws of war, war is still what human nature makes and Sherman called it.

# MEN AND MEASURES

## THE WEEK AT WASHINGTON

## By Charles Emory Smith



THE Secretary of War who does things is sure to face assault. The astute Mr. Dooley is right. For mere comfort it is better to be Secretary of War than the Secretary of *a* War. Mr. Stanton, with his Titanic energy, was fiercely attacked while pushing the Civil War, and placed in a Pantheon of Honor from the moment it was over. General Alger was vehemently criticised during the Spanish War, notwithstanding an army of 250,000 men was created in two months, and the feeling has since been largely changed. Mr. Root has encountered something of the same fate, with the certainty of complete justification and lasting fame.

As long as there is a controversy over the conduct of the war, the Secretary, in the nature of the case, must be in it. There is a keen and acrid contention over the character of the struggle in the Philippines. It goes beyond the fundamental questions as to whether American sovereignty should be maintained and armed resistance should be firmly suppressed to the secondary question whether the campaign of the army has been carried on with undue severity. For the moment this question has been magnified beyond all others. Some of the generals in the field have been passionately assailed, and as a factor of the same movement, which is partly political, partly emotional and partly personal, the attack has reached up to the Secretary.

Mr. Root's personality, the reason for his being in the Cabinet, and his work, are all of sufficient interest to justify more than a passing word. When the resignation of General Alger left the necessity of finding a new Secretary of War, the administration of Cuba, with preparation for her independence, and of our island possessions, was the immediate and paramount work of the War Department. All came under the War Department because all were under military rule. The administrative establishment of Cuba, municipal, judicial, provincial, fiscal, had to be arranged, and in a manner suitable to be taken over by the new Cuban Government when it should come to be organized. A government for Porto Rico was to be created. Most difficult of all, the distant and divergent Philippines were to be administered.

This complex task was legal and constructive rather than military in its character. It required the trained ability of a great lawyer and administrator. From the first Mr. Root was the one man to whom thought turned for the place. President McKinley, who had a rare intuition, when free from political constraint in the choice of his agents, felt that Mr. Root preëminently possessed precisely the attributes that were needed. His Cabinet unanimously agreed with him.

### *Secretary Root's Rare Legal Ability*

Without having been much in official place, Mr. Root had really been largely in public life and had gained just the experience that was required. Though repeatedly declining political honors, he had been participant and counsel in many public movements. He ranked with Choate and Carter at the head of the New York bar. Mr. Choate is brilliant and facile, with a delicate and exquisite wit, and Mr. Carter is weighty and profound; but neither equals Mr. Root in the practical skill for handling large and difficult affairs.

On his personal side Mr. Root is exceedingly attractive to those who know his qualities. He is genial and kindly, with a nimble wit, and a quick eye for the bright and humorous phases of life. Though sometimes called cold by those who do not know him, he has in reality the greatest warmth of sentiment and depth of feeling. The deeps of his gentle nature are easily moved. He is true, sincere and genuine. With this fine and beautiful character, beaming and winsome, he has reserve where he thinks it should be applied, and all this is appropriately referred to here because it has a direct bearing on the developments under discussion.

Mr. Root has not proceeded on the theory that he was under obligation to tell all he was doing to every inquirer. He has not supposed that it was his duty to stop at any moment in the midst of an arduous task that exacted his most laborious effort and give up his time to all who hunted around his anteroom. It was not his habit in New York to open his door at all hours to all callers, and he has not done it in Washington. He has felt that he was charged with a responsible duty, whose faithful fulfillment was more important than its daily proclamation; that, though accountable through regular channels, much of this work needed to be safeguarded and protected; and that he was not called upon to answer every interrogatory.

This reserve explains much of the attack on him. He is paying the penalty of his reticence. The shafts in the Senate are not due to this cause, though possibly in some cases even Senators have not always had the complete deference they expect, and they are very human. Their reflections are rather a part of the political campaign. But to this personal source can be traced much of the criticism from other quarters. Those who have found closed doors and silent lips are getting even. Circumstances have conspired to create an attack upon the conduct of the army and the character of the campaign in the Philippines, and the opportunity which has been watched and waited for is seized to turn upon the Secretary.

After all, this assault is limited, and it is already crumbling. It is fighting against events. The overthrow of resistance and the establishment of peace leave it without a basis that can last. Besides, the country too well understands both the quality and the work of Secretary Root to be misled about him. Without regard to the general Philippine issue the judgment upon his service is secure. When the record comes to be made up it will show a grasp of new questions, a power of initiative and a vigor of administration which will place Mr. Root among the great Secretaries. His creative work will be impressed upon our whole policy of dealing with dependencies, and his quiet but forceful and dominant nature will be found to have left its mark in many different directions.

The prolonged and vehement contest in the Senate has had various interesting phases. The ardent onset of the strenuous young Democracy has compelled the Republicans to change their tactics; it has brought a cool and disapproving attitude on the part of the old Democracy; it has through circumstances gained a momentary measure of success; and then its eager and headstrong zeal has precipitated the cold douche which rash and inconsiderate devotion to the immediate advantage and blindness to the long view are apt to invite. First, the Republicans were confident and indifferent; then under a general assault they became somewhat demoralized; then they recovered their nerve and resumed their fighting position, and so finally reëstablished their lines. The Democrats, on the other hand, started in the most aggressive fashion; they pressed the unopposed attack along the whole line; they had the temporary aid of favoring conditions; but they awakened a resistance and encountered a change of situation which disappointed their calculations and put a new face on affairs.

### *The Make-up of the Senate Philippine Committee*

The Senate Committee on the Philippines is curiously constituted. The Republican members are Lodge, Allison, Hale, Proctor, Beveridge, Burrows, McComas and Dietrich. Mr. Dietrich, of Nebraska, is the only new member among them. The others are all Senators of experience and will be recognized as embracing some of the strongest men in the body. The Democratic side, on the other hand, is chiefly new. It consists of Rawlins, Culberson, Dubois, Carmack and Patterson. Several of these are fresh to the Senate and those who have served longer are still among the younger members of the Senate. They include none of the elder, practiced and long-experienced Democratic leaders. Bacon, Clay, Cockrell, Daniel, Jones, Morgan, Money, Pettus, Vest are all conspicuous by their absence.

How it happened that the Democratic veterans matched none of themselves against the Republican leaders on this important committee, and left their side to be represented wholly by newer men, is a matter of conjecture. Probably after the campaign of 1900 they regarded the Philippine question as practically settled, and reserved to themselves what seemed to be the more active and conspicuous places. Had they foreseen the prominence and activity which the question would again attain they would hardly have remanded themselves altogether to the back seats. The result has been that in what, so far as the Senate is concerned, has been the chief and burning contest of the session, the familiar names on the Democratic side have been substantially effaced, and the Democratic front has been held by men who have hitherto played little part.

These five men, with very little help from other sources, have held the brunt of the fight on the Democratic side. The pending bill was one for civil government in the Philippines. Occasionally there was a desultory and casual allusion to the subject. From very infrequent and obscure references the listener, if he had been sufficiently intent, might have gathered the impression that the measure ostensibly under discussion related to the organization of the civil fabric in the islands. But the speeches were really directed to the character of the war, to the conduct of the army, and incidentally to the responsibility of the War Department and the Administration. The young Senators who found a rather unexpected opportunity of militant debate seized it with great eagerness, and plunged forward with headstrong force. In the end they found something of the same experience which befell the army they were criticising. When the troops in Samar rushed forward they encountered concealed and unsuspected pitfalls carefully covered up, and which, once touched, revealed hidden dangers. For a time the Democratic campaigners in the Senate were aided with reports and disclosures which apparently buttressed their line of assault, and they made the most of them. But they came to find that, where the way seemed fairly clear, unseen pitfalls opened before them.

### *The Indication of the Administration*

The Republicans had determined to remain silent, let their opponents exhaust themselves in unanswered speeches, and push on to a vote at the earliest possible moment. It was a mistaken policy. After it became plain, in March, that the Democrats had settled upon the purpose to make the Philippine issue paramount, the true policy of the Republicans was to accept the gage of battle and unhesitatingly face it. It was certainly an error to assume that the Democratic attack could safely be ignored and the question left with discussion only on one side to the impression of the country. The sober, deliberate judgment of the people can be trusted after full and thorough enlightenment. After they have heard all sides they will in the end reach right conclusions, but they must hear and understand.

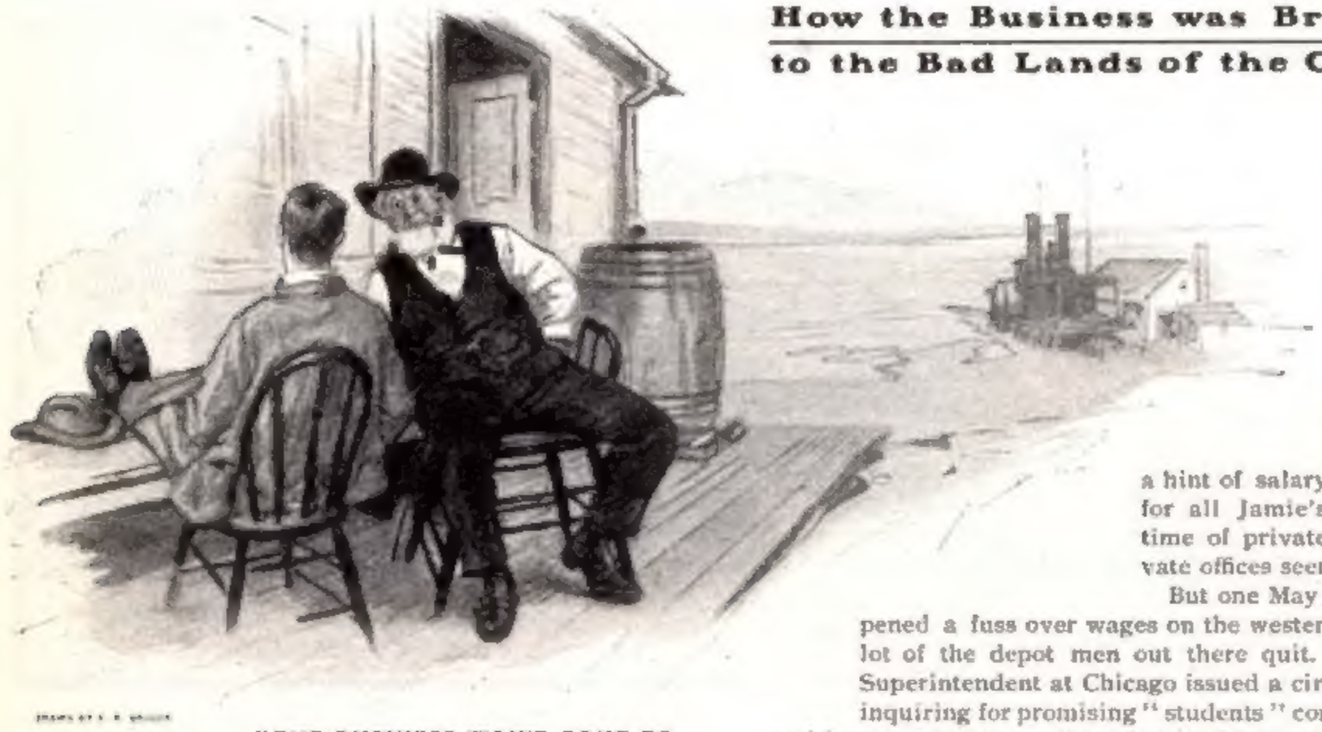
When the repeated reports of severe measures on the part of army officers came to give apparent support to the Democratic attack, the mistake of the Republican policy of silence was made still more plain. The Republicans themselves soon realized it. They were being put in a false position. An unnecessary advantage was being given to their opponents. They were being clubbed and really hit without striking back. Under this hot fire they were for the moment in danger of being demoralized, and it became necessary to abandon their policy of confident silence and enter upon a course not only of defense but of aggression. When they did this they recovered their ground, and the dissipation of unfounded reports and impressions came to help the rehabilitation of their position, as the stories themselves had for the time helped their adversaries.

Meanwhile, during the vigorous attack of the young Democrats, the old Democrats have looked on askance, and they are pointing with the solemn visage of age and wisdom and experience to the snare in which the precipitancy of their more youthful and headstrong associates has plunged them. The latter have overdone the business. It was a mistake to make a crusade against the army in general. The American soldier fairly represents, as a whole, the American people, and though they criticise individuals they will not condemn themselves as a body.

# THE AGENT AT MISSOURI STATION

**How the Business was Brought to the Bad Lands of the C. & N.**

## By Willis Gibson



"THE BUSINESS WON'T COME TO MISSOURI STATION OF ITSELF"

JAMIE HALLORAN, when a young chap, was different from the rest of the young chaps at Read's Landing. He had little fondness for swinging on to the rear platforms of the outgoing passenger trains, after the manner of the agile conductors. He cared nothing for helping the jolly brakemen of the way-freights to twist brakes and make couplings. Even the pastime of setting out at sundown the lighted switch-lamps for the agent attracted him not a whit.

But that's not saying he didn't want to be a railroad man. He did, emphatically; only he had a different way of going about it.

Read's Landing nestles a closely knit village by the Mississippi River, on the line of the C. & N. Railway. Jamie Halloran, an orphan almost from the start, had lived there always. He worked in the general store of his uncle for his board, his clothes, and a touch of schooling.

He was in those days a strange little mixture of Scotch-Irish, a tremendous thinker, with an ambition like Napoleon's. Nights, after the store had shut its doors, he was forever poring over railroad maps and guide-books, striving to study out why certain lines were laid between certain points, puzzling over the merits of competitors, packing his greedy head with routes and distances and time-tables. He was continually scanning the transportation columns of the Chicago and St. Paul dailies, to which his uncle subscribed; pondering with gravest concern over the news of strikes and rate wars and alliances. It was not the dash and strain of railroading that interested Jamie Halloran, but—though he, himself, scarcely understood it—the forces behind, the forces of commerce and migration that make possible the great industry.

Early in his nineteenth year Jamie had a heart-to-heart consultation with Terry Blake, the C. & N.'s agent at the Landing, a little weazened old fellow who had ruled that depot since the first train thrilled and shook the silent shores of the Upper Mississippi.

Terry saw very quickly how things were with his visitor. "You'll have to begin at the foot," said he with a grin, "and 'twill likely take you some time to rise to a Presidency. But come into the depot with me, if you want. I'll have pleasure in teaching you the very great deal that I know about the foot of the ladder."

So into Terry Blake's depot Jamie went. Straightway his uncle turned him out, because, so he said, he couldn't afford to house the boy now that he had no time for the store. But Jamie got around that. He treated the few clothes he owned with downright reverence, wearing his coats and vests only on Sundays. He earned his meals by caring for the village doctor's horses. He slept in the baggage-room of the depot on a mattress billed to the Landing years before and never called for, though the baggage-room was not always comfortable. It was noisy with the scratching of rats, and chilly of windy nights, and the limited passengers and fast frieghts that passed with a crash and roar that was come and gone all in a minute, at a pace that rocked the old depot to its foundation, were enough to worry the soundest sleeper living.

All of every day, sometimes well into the night, Jamie drummed out Morse talk—at first on a dummy key, later on the live ones—and slowly learned to unravel sense from the dizzy blur of dots and dashes that spun through the clattering instruments. And, little by little, Terry Blake taught him of the sacred Rules, of signals and train orders, of forms and reports, of tickets and way-bills—taught him all the ins and outs of an agent's drudgery.

At the end of twelve months Jamie was able to handle such operators as Lane of Dubuque, Halsey of La Crosse, Perry of Hastings—three of the speediest senders in the country. He knew how to run a depot from daylight to dark, and from dark to daylight again.

Then two yearsdragged by with never a hint of salary or promotion; for all Jamie's ambition the time of private cars and private offices seemed afar off.

But one May day there happened a fuss over wages on the western divisions; a lot of the depot men out there quit. The General Superintendent at Chicago issued a circular to agents inquiring for promising "students" competent to take positions as operators. Examination blanks to be filled in by applicants were forwarded. Ordinarily on the C. & N. "students" are called to division headquarters for examination. But this was a dire emergency; there wasn't time for any red tape.

Jamie naturally filled in a blank in his most flowing hand, and Terry Blake penned a strong indorsement across one corner. After a week of waiting a long envelope came back from the General Superintendent for Mr. J. Halloran. The letter inside stated that J. Halloran had been appointed—not operator—but AGENT at Missouri Station, South Dakota, at a salary of forty-five dollars per month. Transportation thereto was inclosed.

J. Halloran and old Terry hunted the big wall map for Missouri Station, and found it easily: on the east bank of the Missouri River, the terminus of the Dakota Division; its name printed in type quite as large as that allowed Chicago and Milwaukee. Terry had in the depot only local time-tables which did not cover the western part of the system, so they were unable to get any particulars as to population and train service, but, even though the salary at starting was modest, it seemed most probable that Missouri Station was a post worth having, located as it was at the end of an important division, on a navigable river well known as their own Mississippi.

Gleeful over his good fortune Jamie squeezed old Terry's wrinkled hand many times that day, and left at four next morning on the early north-bound passenger for St. Paul, where he was to take train for his new home.

He reached St. Paul at breakfast time, and changed to the coaches of the Dakota Division passenger, and very dingy coaches they were, by the way. In the Union Depot he had had time to secure a general time-table, and as his train pulled out he commenced a study of the pages devoted to the Dakota Division. He discovered shortly that the train upon which he was, as well as its mate, the evening passenger, ran only so far as Bowdle, South Dakota, a point nearly fifty miles east of the division terminus, Missouri Station. Between Bowdle and Missouri Station a train, dubbed by the time-table the Missouri Accommodation, ran occasionally—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, to be exact. In spite of himself, Jamie could not keep from worrying a bit. Read's Landing saw twelve trains each way every day—what sort of a station could it be that saw but three a week?

The trip west was a long one. All morning the passenger dozed across Minnesota; all afternoon and all evening it plodded into South Dakota, through a prairie country that was always the same—fruitful of wondrous crops, yet tedious to look upon—flat, scantily wooded, seemingly boundless, the farms of immense acreage, the stations scrawny and far apart. Not until ten o'clock did the train reach Bowdle and Jamie seek a hotel.

The day following, being a Thursday, was a time of rest for the Missouri Accommodation; Jamie was forced to stay fretting about Bowdle. After luncheon, however, he walked over behind the roundhouse, at the west end of the yards, and inspected the track that led on to Missouri Station—the "extension" the townspeople called it. Through a growth of tall, rank weeds that mantled the whole right of way, and leaned in the breeze languid as a field of grain, he caught glimpses of frayed ties, and rusted iron rails that had, of a surety, done duty elsewhere in the days when steel was unheard of. Jamie smiled ruefully; he was beginning to understand why the Missouri Station appointment had come to him so easily.

Friday morning at eight the Missouri Accommodation departed with Jamie the sole passenger. It was not much of a train. There were no freight cars, no coaches; only a little wheezy engine, with a stack that flared wide at the top and a smoked-up caboose that had once been red. It swayed and rolled over the bad roadbed in a way to make a man sensick, and pounded the uneven rails with a din to deafen, although the time-table allowed four hours for the fifty-mile run.

And a scant mile beyond Bowdle the land roundabout, as if to follow the fashion set by its railroad, suddenly turned rough, rocky and absolutely barren. Jamie did not know that this neighborhood was scoffingly spoken of throughout the general offices of the C. & N. as the Little Bad Lands, but he felt, nevertheless, that he was ready for the worst.

He was mistaken, however. At noon the Accommodation made its first stop. From the caboose Jamie could see neither habitation nor living thing. But the train showed no symptom of starting on; he clambered out for a look around.

A little distance ahead of the engine the track ended in a shabby wooden turntable, from which a single short siding ran back parallel with the main line. A hundred yards west of the turntable the prairie ceased abruptly as though it had been lopped away by a mighty ax, and beyond, flowing from north to south between low banks, stretched a monster river, slow-moving, mud-laden, vast, almost a mile wide. On its near shore, to the south of the railroad, were a small cottage and a barn, landmarks evidently, and beside them, propped upon the bank, was another relic of days gone by, a steam ferryboat, named the "A. Lincoln," fully equipped, but dingy with disuse. Before the cottage a horse-power ferry, but little bigger than a rowboat and bereft of its horses, lolled in the river. On the other side of the train, alongside the track, was an ugly wooden shanty, carelessly built, its roof pitched just high enough to clear a man's head, painted with a flaming coat of caboose-red. Aside from its location, the shanty bore no earmarks of a depot, but the telegraph wires dipped beneath its eaves and a baggage truck leaned against its front.

Then, at last, it dawned on Jamie Halloran. This dreary, deserted flood before him was the Missouri River, that he had seen so often pictured in his school geographies as thickly populated with water craft of all sorts. This place of solitude and bleakness and desolation was Missouri Station, the terminus of the Dakota Division.

Some men would have sat down and wept, some would have sworn themselves black in the face, but Jamie merely got out his grip and walked down to the depot to take possession. The outgoing agent, a pale, sickly fellow—Christianson was his name—surrendered the station with a lamely put hope that Jamie might "like it here," then bolted for the caboose without losing a moment.

Reversing its engine the Accommodation, after a half-hour's lay-over, started on its return trip. Jamie watched it shrink into a black dot on the prairie and disappear over a far-off ridge. For a while a wisp of smoke hung above the ridge, then it faded, and the new-made agent sat alone in his depot by the melancholy Missouri.

He gave several minutes to asking himself why a railroad had been built to Missouri Station, then turned his thoughts to his depot. It was a shell; through the wide cracks between its timbers the summer wind brushed sorrowfully. There was but one room—the office—holding a table for the instruments, a chair, a cot, an oil stove, a cupboard for stationery, and another for the tinned foodstuffs upon which it was designed the agent should subsist. A few of these foodstuffs Christianson had kindly left on the shelves to carry his successor along until he could arrange for a fresh supply.

Jamie passed a fairly busy afternoon putting things to rights, and retired early to his cot. But the following morning

—HUNTED THE BIG WALL MAP FOR MISSOURI STATION

he could find no duties whatever about the depot, so, after pinning a card on the door stating his whereabouts—an act that seemed a wanton waste of ink—he set out to explore the cottage on the river-bank. To his surprise he found it occupied by an old Missouri River steamboat captain, John Rollins. Rollins owned the ferryboat, "A. Lincoln," that rested beside his cottage. Years back, before the C. & N. came, he had navigated her at that point, and had made much money ferrying a great overland travel bound west for the newly-discovered Black Hills mines. Railroads entering the Hills by the southern route had killed this trade, but Rollins had chosen to live on by his river, carrying on his smaller ferry those few who still wished passage. He was a fine, sociable old man, overflowing with stirring yarns of the flush years on the Big Muddy.

He told Jamie, too, during the chat, the true story of the Missouri extension. Back in the seventies the Dakota Territorial legislature had agreed to grant the C. & N. Railroad Company great tracts of rich land on condition that it build a line of railroad west across the Territory to the Missouri River. This railroad the company had built; but that part of the line beyond Bowdle, where the fertile country ended, into the region that some official had named the Little Bad Lands, had been constructed only to comply with the terms of the land-grant, not for operation or revenue. Thus the tri-weekly train was moved to keep within, or bluntly speaking to evade, the laws of Dakota.

All through the month of May Jamie grimly guarded Missouri Station; Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays snatching a half-hour's gossip with George Reber and Flaherty, the engine crew of the Accommodation, and Pat Harris, the conductor; other days visiting with Captain Rollins; eating his canned meals stoically, save at such times as he dined at the Captain's cottage; making out, in patience, his ticket reports which always read "No sales," his freight reports which always read "No shipments." The first week he sent these daily, according to the Rules, but thereafter only weekly, the Auditor having notified him, in a sarcastic note, that reports of weekly frequency would be satisfactory from that station.

The while he lived in the hope that business would pick up. But it did not. And it was a state of things hard for Jamie to bear: not having anybody to work on after his long study of railroading. True, he planned to the last detail a pleasure tour for the Captain: to New York via the Lakes, the Falls and Boston; returning via Washington and Chicago. He proposed, also, that he sell the "Lincoln's" machinery to some Eastern foundry, which would make quite a goodly shipment from Missouri Station. But the Captain would give ear to neither plan. As for actual traffic—one day a piece of gearing for the ferryboat came in by freight, another day a traveling man and his trunks passed through, heading for the Indian reservations beyond the river. That was all.

—"YOU DIDN'T SEND OUT THESE CARS, DID YOU?"

Many fellows would have prospered and fattened in such a lazy life. Jamie wasn't that sort. He had gone into the railroad world with the idea of rising.

"Cap'n," he declared solemnly to Rollins the morning of the first day of June, "the business won't come to Missouri Station of itself. I must go out and bring it in."

The Captain chuckled. He said he'd lived in that neighborhood going on half a century, and didn't know of a single atom of business anywhere.

But Jamie was hard to convince. So Rollins hitched the team of stout roans, that he used betimes on the ferry, to a buckboard, and drove Jamie south over the Missouri River bottoms. They found, as Rollins had predicted, a country rock-bound in some places, swampy in others, totally uninhabited and unproductive. Rollins said that class of land continued south nearly to Pierre. After twenty miles of it Jamie admitted he had seen enough.

Next day was train-day, but the morning after that Jamie and the Captain started on a second drive, this time steering northward along the Missouri. The north-country developed much the same as had the south—perhaps the more barren of the two—for fifteen or eighteen miles. Then it changed. Driving on to a plateau well above the river's surface, Jamie and Rollins saw spread before them, on the eastern shore, a great level land whose soil gleamed black and moist, and everywhere was green-tinted with a dense stubble that Jamie knew for wheat. At long intervals groups of farm buildings rose on the prairie. One group lay within half a mile.

"This is the kind of country I'm looking for," cried Jamie exultantly. "What's the reason, Cap'n, my road can't carry this wheat crop East?"

"Nothing hard to answer there," growled Rollins. "A farmer couldn't haul a load of wheat, or anything else, a mile over that road we've just come over. This section's as much cut off from Missouri Station as though a wall big as China's was built between."

"That's so," admitted Jamie reluctantly, his enthusiasm dashed. "Then you mean to say these farmers above here haul their grain north to the O. P.'s track? Why, that must be sixty or seventy miles from these places we see."

"Eighty," corrected the Captain.

"Anyhow," said Jamie doggedly, after a minute's meditation, "I'd like to have a talk with one of those wheat-shippers."

So Captain Rollins, nothing loth, drove down into the valley to the farmhouse nearest. Jamie found the owner at home, introduced himself, and in half an hour learned a great deal about the local transportation conditions. It was as the Captain had said. All the wheat-growers along the Missouri from that farm north, and for a distance of forty miles back from the river, were compelled, because of the impassable roads south through the Little Bad Lands, to team their grain across the boundary through North Dakota to the O. P. railroad. And worse: the rates of haul to the Minneapolis market levied by the O. P. were mercilessly high—scarcely to be borne; they had cut the profits of wheat-raising to practically nothing. The farmer talked earnestly and sensibly, not at all like a man given to grumbling, and the agent at Missouri Station was thinking harder than ever before when he and the Captain turned for their homeward trip.

For a full hour he said not a word. Then he broke his peace with an odd query.

"Cap'n," he asked, "is the 'A. Lincoln' in shape to navigate?"

"Why, yes," answered Rollins, waking out of a doze—"Why, yes, I guess so."

"Then," returned Jamie firmly, "the wheat crop from that section of the Missouri Valley we've just left will be shipped this season by way of Missouri Station."

"How do you make that?" demanded the Captain.

"This way: Leaving out of the question these bad south roads, those farmers who are nearer to the C. & N. than they are to the O. P. would naturally ship via the C. & N., provided rates were equal."

"Yes, certainly."

"But more than that. I'm not very well up on grain tariffs, but I believe it's as that farmer claimed: the O. P. rate to Minneapolis is 'way high. If I remember right, our Minneapolis rate is very much lower—perhaps not more than half that of the O. P. If that's so we ought to command the trade all the way up the valley to within a dozen miles of the O. P.'s track—we wouldn't want to work too near, because if the O. P. people tumbled to what we were about they'd meet our rate and spoil our business. Again leaving out of the question these Bad Lands roads."

"But you can't leave them out," protested Rollins. "A man couldn't haul a load of wheat a mile, I tell you——"

"I know, I know," interrupted Jamie calmly. "But we're not going to bother with these roads at all. During harvest I'll circulate my plan and figures among the farmers interested. Then, when shipping season comes, we'll simply bring the wheat of the valley, starting a bit south of Bismarck, down the Missouri River on your 'A. Lincoln' to Missouri Station, for shipment via the C. & N. to Minneapolis. For your part of the deal—the steamboat haul—we'll add a little to the rail rate, enough to make the thing well worth your while."

"Can't be done," snorted the Captain—"Can't be done. The river's in terrible condition between my place and Bismarck—choked up with snags and sand; the channel's switched a mile from where 'twas when I ran the stream. Besides, I haven't any crew for my boat—even if I had, she couldn't stow a hundred sacks of wheat—and who'd load and unload it?"

"You could hire some barges somewhere to increase your carrying capacity, couldn't you?" argued Jamie craftily, well remembering how such matters were managed back on the Mississippi. "Loading, unloading—let the shippers furnish men from their farms to go with the grain, and handle it at both ends of the steamer's trip. That's only a fair proposition. The river—you've got all summer to post yourself."

"Yes, I know," Rollins continued to object, though more mildly now, "but I don't think it's practicable. Still—still—I don't know, either. I guess there *are* some idle barges up Bismarck way that I could rent for little or nothing." He began to tug at his white beard, his kindly old face lighting with excitement. "And there's Billy Smith down at Pierre—used to be a crack engine-man. And Tom Daly, clever a pilot as ever gripped a spoke. Their licenses must be good yet. They'd go in for the fun of the thing, if for nothing more——"

That was but the introduction—Captain Rollins was converted. All through the long drive home he and Jamie discussed the plan, and afterward, at the depot, far into the night. Jamie looked into his tariffs, and found himself correct in his stand concerning the C. & N.'s Minneapolis grain rate: it was exactly half that charged by the O. P. from Bismarck. This, with the addition of the small amount per ton deemed fair by Captain Rollins for his steamboat haul, allowed Jamie to fix upon a rate most advantageous and attractive to the wheat-shippers of the Missouri Valley.

—BEGAN TO BUSY HIMSELF WITH THE CONDUCT OF THE CAMPAIGN

Next day, however, to be certain of his ground—his tariffs were not of latest issue—he wired Burton, the General Freight Agent at Chicago, for confirmation. Burton read the message impatiently, wondered what kind of an agent there was at Missouri Station to be worrying over wheat rates from the Little Bad Lands, and ignored the inquiry. Jamie wired again. A chipper clerk of Burton's answered that the quotation named was still, and probably would continue, in effect, but further advised Jamie that the time of the freight department was thoroughly taken up, and suggested that he hereafter limit his communications to matters of importance.

For an hour or two Jamie was red-hot, but he soon got over it, and began to busy himself with the conduct of the campaign. From a real-estate office in Aberdeen he borrowed a set of county maps, which showed the Missouri River's course, the names of the farmers adjacent, the location and extent of their various holdings. These maps he studied until he was as well acquainted with the valley to the northward as he had been with the village of Read's Landing. Conductor Pat Harris of the Accommodation, seeing him so hard at work, and not understanding, used to say in pity, "Some day, young fellow, the company'll give you a real station, and you'll be swamped." But the little agent only smiled good-naturedly and went on with his maps.

Jamie advising at every turn, Captain Rollins rounded up by letter his steamboat friends at Pierre and other towns. He put the "A. Lincoln" in prime condition, and slid her into the river. He ordered a carload of coal for her, which arrived in due time over the extension—the first box car Jamie had seen since the beginning of his term in office. A little later a pair of steamboat inspectors ran out from St. Paul and gave the old ferry a fresh license.

Then one morning in July the Captain assembled a dozen of his cronies for a trial trip. To "look at the river," as posting up on the channel is called among steamboatmen, he successfully made the run with the "Lincoln" up to Bismarck and return, two hundred miles in all. While at Bismarck he leased ten barges, the remnant of a once noted freight fleet.

July and August passed. Day by day sun and wind and rain caressed the wheat throughout the Dakotas and swiftly ripened it, until the one-time tiny shoots of green had changed at last to stately stalks of gold.

On the first of September the farmers started cutting. Then Jamie took the Captain's team, and drove, day after day, and night after night, through the country north of the Little Bad Lands, returning to the depot only when the Accommodation's half-hourly visits called him. He interviewed every farmer along the east shore of the Missouri from the Station almost to the line of the O. P., explained his rate and plan of shipment—by river to Missouri Station, thence by the C. & N.—and asked all to have their wheat, in sacks, and their men for the handling, on the river-bank, ready for the "A. Lincoln," by sunrise September 15, a date when it was estimated the harvesting would be finished. And at every farm the owner listened carefully. Many promised patronage on the spot, others wanted time to consider, but all seemed greatly interested.

On the strength of his canvass Jamie wired General Freight Agent Burton, September 13, for 200 box cars for a wheat shipment. Burton at that time was out on the line on an inspection tour; his chief clerk had temporary charge of things. The chief clerk had never seen Missouri Station—in fact, could not recall ever having heard its name before; but he decided directly that a traffic that needed 200 cars at one time should not be delayed. He passed Jamie's requisition

and rushed it into the Car Service Department. The Car Service Agent, a new man from the South, hadn't had time to get well acquainted with the road. He found that, by hard work, 200 cars could be squeezed out of the St. Paul and Minneapolis yards, and ordered Harry Kelly, Superintendent of the Dakota Division, with office at St. Paul, to collect and forward them to Missouri Station. Harry Kelly knew all about Missouri Station, and the order puzzled him, but it bore the initials of the Car Service Agent and, still further back, those of the General Freight Agent. So he hastened to push the thing through. He assembled the cars in less than twelve hours, and then, as the engines in his district were old and feeble, he borrowed, of the River Division, four new Brooks ten-wheel freighters to do the hauling. The evening of the fourteenth he sent the empties west in four sections of fifty cars each, with orders to turn engines and sidetrack at Bowdle; the sections to back down the extension to Missouri Station one at a time, as fast as called for.

On this same day—the fourteenth—Jamie and Captain Rollins and the crew of veterans went with the "A. Lincoln" up to Bismarck, arriving shortly after dark. There they worked all night taking on coal, and binding fast to the steamer—five on either side—the ten chartered barges, squat, ugly craft, but each one roomy as a freight train.

At sunup of the fifteenth the start down-stream was made. After a run of ten miles, Jamie, anxiously watching from the pilot house, sighted his first patron. And thereafter the "A. Lincoln" came upon great piles of sacked wheat, scores of waiting harvest hands, with every turn of the crooked Missouri. Not only were all the growers with whom Jamie had parleyed on hand, but many as well from the scattered farms in the less fertile region on the west side of the river, who had somehow got news of the expedition. And the loading, too, went smoothly. At every landing, as Jamie had arranged, the crews of farm hands were ready and did their work with a will, afterward coming aboard the boat to accompany the wheat to the cars.

There hadn't been a shipment of wheat like that on the Big Muddy for a quarter-century. At times, even Jamie was a bit awed by the vastness of the commerce he had set moving. The freight charges, payable in advance, poured through his hands into the steamer's safe until the rusted iron box was brimming over with checks, bills and coin. And when the loading of the wheat was done the "A. Lincoln" was completely hidden, save for her pilot house and chimneys, within the towering piles of sacks that freighted the flanking barges.

But Captain Rollins, Pilot Daly and the rest, on their mettle, brought Jamie's cargo safely down the treacherous, neglected river, and tied up before Missouri Station at midnight exactly. And though nothing more could be done until morning Jamie went happy to his berth on the steamer, for, dimly shaped in the gloom, a long string of box cars, with a giant engine up ahead, slept on the main track in front of his shanty depot.

Meanwhile a flood of wrath and bewilderment had swept over the high officials of the C. & N.; had almost engulfed Burton, the General Freight Agent—a flood for which Agent J. Halloran was solely responsible.

On the afternoon of the fifteenth, while Jamie and his thousands of tons of wheat were steaming down the Missouri, Burton, in the course of his trip around the system, had arrived in St. Paul, and sat in the local offices, running through a batch of belated reports from his chief clerk. On one of these he read: "Demand for cars has been very brisk. On the thirteenth Milwaukee made requisition for 150 for beer, Omaha 50 for miscellaneous freight, Missouri Station 200 for wheat——"

Burton got no further. An irritable man, with no mercy on the blunders of others, he gaped at the report for a minute as though it were his death-warrant, then, bouncing from his chair, he rushed down-hall into the office of Harry Kelly, Superintendent of the Dakota Division.

"Kelly," he broke forth, brandishing the chief clerk's letter, "you didn't send out these cars, did you?"

"What cars? For where?" gasped the Superintendent.

"These two hundred wheats for Missouri Station. Why, Kelly, that agent's crazy! He couldn't load two hundred cars at that station in two hundred years—no, not in two thousand. Wheat! There isn't a spear within fifty miles of the place."

"The order originated in your office," answered Kelly pugnaciously. "I sent the cars yesterday, and four of the new Brooks engines with them."

Burton sank into a seat and groaned. The road was in the thick of the usual harvest car famine—those cars, and engines, too, were sorely needed at a dozen different points along the line.

"Well, it's a bad mess," said he sourly after a time. "I suppose I'll have to go out there to-night and straighten it up. But," he continued with a touch of returning good humor, "I'll get one scalp anyhow: that lunatic agent's—what's his name?"

"Halloran. But maybe the fellow's got something for the cars, after all," suggested Kelly, though by the sharpest goading of his imagination he couldn't figure it.

The General Freight Agent silenced the Superintendent with a glare of disgust.

That evening Burton hitched his private car to the Dakota Division passenger, and started for Missouri Station. When he awoke next morning he was already treading upon the heels of the trouble. His train was lying outside of Bowdle, unable to get within half a mile of the depot; so clogged was the yard with the multitude of Jamie's empties.

Burton breakfasted hurriedly, walked into town in a bad humor, and questioned the crews of the three empty sections of the wheat train which were on siding. He learned but little: four sections bound for Missouri Station had come as far as Bowdle the night previous. Three sections had sidetracked according to the Division Superintendent's orders. The fourth had gone on to Missouri Station, and not yet returned.

Burton then took one of the Brooks engines and asked for rights down the extension. But though the Dispatcher called and called Missouri Station he could get no answer—Jamie Halloran being very much engaged out-of-doors that morning—so finally Burton was forced to go without rights.

After a long-drawn, cautious trip Burton reached the Station at noon, just as Jamie was putting the last touches to his first section. Dropping from his engine at the siding switch, he strode, fuming and sputtering, for the depot. But before he had gone six paces he halted, limp with surprise. He saw, through a sluggish mist of dust, despised Missouri Station looking for all the world like the Chicago freight terminal on a busy day. He saw at the river-bank a steamboat and a brace of barges all but foundering beneath a cargo of sacked wheat. He saw a train of fifty cars nearly loaded with it. He saw full three hundred brawny harvesters bearing the fat sacks from the boats to the cars. He saw a young fellow, hatless, coatless, vestless—whom a passing man told him was Halloran, the Agent—scattering well-aimed directions with the ease of a General Manager.

But for all his confusion, Burton, sharp-witted official that he was, recognized that a wheat crop was being moved in the Little Bad Lands with a speed and spirit never beaten anywhere.

Gently he sent his engine back to Bowdle, then buttonholed Jamie and got his story from first to last; though Jamie cut it short, for he had little time to give that way, even to a General Freight Agent.

"Next time you think up a thing like this write particulars beforehand; we're not accustomed to deals of this size on the Dakota Division," was Burton's remark at the end. Jamie recalled how his past communications to headquarters had been treated, but he deemed it best to make no comment. That was all Burton said to Jamie then, but afterward he talked long of the undertaking with Captain Rollins and with many of the wheat-growers who had come down on the "A. Lincoln."

At eight o'clock that night Jamie's 200 cars, all loaded bursting-full, were on their way to Minneapolis. The "A. Lincoln" had gone up-river to carry home the farmers and harvest hands. Only the gray dust of the wheat that coated everything, and the deep path from the landing that three hundred pairs of roughshod feet had worn told of the day's work. Missouri Station was again bleak and cheerless and deserted.

Only Burton and Jamie Halloran sat in the darkening depot.

"Halloran," Burton was saying, "I guess we won't ask you to stay out here any longer. I've been looking for a right-hand man with a head like yours for three years. Can you fix things to start for Chicago with me to-morrow in my car? Until we can assign a new man we'll let Missouri Station go it alone; it's earned a vacation."

# The Unknown Captains of Industry

**Who They Are: What They Have Done: How They Did It** — **By PAUL LATZKE**

ABOUT the time that Mr. Brush was getting ready to put his arc lamp on the market, a young Philadelphia school-teacher named Elihu Thomson was deep in experiments along the same lines. Associated with him was a friend named Houston, also a teacher. They had classes in the Central High School, from which they had graduated only a few years before. The trouble with Brush's lamp was that no dynamo had been found which could supply the necessary current on an economical and satisfactory basis.

MR. ELIHU THOMSON

To supply such a machine became the ambition of the two school-teachers. They rented a small space back of a baker's shop not far from the school, and here, after hours, they spent all their time in experiments. They had become fairly skilled machinists through necessity, and after long labor they finally succeeded in constructing a dynamo of sufficient power to run one lamp. This was shown to some friends, who offered to furnish capital in a small way for the manufacture of these machines, on condition that the two inventors should give up everything else and devote themselves to the business. Houston said he certainly should do nothing of the kind.

"It would be absurd," he declared, "to give up a certainty for a business experiment in the unknown field of electric lighting. I will stick to the school."

Editor's Note—The first article in this series appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of May 10. Another will appear in an early number.

But Professor Thomson was more venturesome. The work had completely fascinated him and he decided to rise or fall with its success, so the American Electric Company was organized and a "factory" was established at New Britain, Connecticut. The "factory" consisted of one room, in which the only workers were Thomson, E. W. Rice, who had also been connected with the Central High School, and two machinists. This was in 1880. Even with this limited force the little capital was soon exhausted, and it was only by the most dogged determination that Thomson could keep going.

The turning point came, as it often does, in the most unexpected manner. There came to the "factory" one day three shoe manufacturers from Lynn, Massachusetts, who had heard of the new dynamo. They were not rich men and their plants were small, but they were progressive and saw here an opportunity for advancement in the possibility of adapting electricity to their industry. Before their visit was over they concluded not alone that electricity was a good thing in shoemaking, but that the Thomson dynamo had in it business possibilities far beyond anything offered by the greatest shoe factory in the world. A deal was made then and there by which the shoe men agreed to go into the enterprise. The "factory" was removed early in 1883 to Lynn and preparations were made to branch out in a systematic way.

Out of this little venture grew what is now the General Electric Company with a capital of over twenty-four million dollars. The net earnings of this company for the year 1901 were over six million dollars. It operates at Schenectady, New York, the greatest plant in the world for the production of electrical machinery, and its dynamos and lamps are in use all over the earth. One of the three shoe men, C. A. Coffin, is President of the company, and all of his associates have become millionaires. Professor Thomson retired from active business some years ago, and settled down in a beautiful home at Swampscott, Massachusetts. Here, in a large laboratory behind his house, he continues his experimental work in a leisurely way. As a recreation he grinds lenses, an occupation which he declares gives the best training in the world for the eye and the hand.

When the General Electric Company was formed it absorbed, among other concerns, the Eickemeyer Company, of Yonkers, New York. In the reorganization that followed it was discovered that there was on the pay-roll of this company, a comparatively small and unimportant institution, a young German named Steinmetz, on whose judgment in technical matters, the Eickemeyer people assured their successors, absolute reliance could be placed. The new managers received this information rather indulgently and paid no special attention to the man. A little later, however, there came a little incident that opened their eyes. A very important piece of engineering work had been planned, and as much depended upon its success the plans were shown to young Steinmetz. He made himself decidedly unpopular by saying:

"The estimates of your engineers are about fifty per cent. out of the way. To build that machine will cost fully as much again as the price you have set."

"Nonsense," said the General Manager when this opinion was brought to him. "He doesn't know what he is talking about."

So the new work was undertaken. When it was completed it was found that Steinmetz's estimate was correct. Though the sum involved was large, he had hit the absolute cost of production within a few cents. Since then not a single

piece of work is turned out of the Schenectady shop without the indorsement and approval of Mr. Steinmetz. A position as Chief Consulting Engineer was created for him, and it is conceded that he is in many respects to-day the most valuable and indispensable man in the electrical industry. He speaks English with some difficulty, but there is no man living who can present a mathematical or electrical problem as he can, and whenever an address by him is announced before the Engineers' Institute the place is always crowded to the doors. Mr. Steinmetz was born in Breslau, Germany, in 1865, and is a graduate of the University at that place. He left Germany for political reasons, and after wandering over Austria, Switzerland and France, landed in this country in 1889. The first position he was able to obtain here yielded him only ten dollars a week and this was given him with some reluctance. Now there are plenty of concerns that would be willing to pay him $25,000 a year.

Edward Weston is another foreigner who has helped to make industrial history for America. His achievements won him front rank long ago among our great Captains. He was born in England, and it may fairly be said that he was a prodigy. He had just passed his ninth year when, browsing in his father's library, he fell upon a copy of Smee's Elements of Electro-Metallurgy, a most primitive work, but one which took instant hold of the boy's mind. Thereafter he talked electricity by day and dreamed of it by night. Every available penny that he could get hold of he invested in apparatus. When only sixteen years old he had mastered the subject so thoroughly that he gave a lecture before his schoolfellows, demonstrating as he went along with apparatus which he had made himself. Electricity in those days had no serious place in the business world as it has to-day. It was of importance mainly to science, and Mr. Weston's parents, therefore, did not take at all kindly to the suggestion that he devote himself to this field. Instead, they insisted that he should study medicine. He obeyed orders, but did not relinquish his studies in electricity. At twenty he went to his father and said:

"I have determined definitely to give up medicine. My interests are all centred in electrical research and I am going to follow that as a profession."

### *The Man Who Makes Voltmeters*

The United States, then as now, was the great centre of electrical activity, and to the consternation of his people young Weston determined to cross the seas and get into the field in the New World. When they found that he was determined to go they fitted him out in first-class shape and gave him a lot of letters of introduction. Like most letters of this kind, they proved of little use, and the young man realized that he must make the fight for himself. He found employment, after a long search, with a nickel-plating concern, and his ability was so manifest that he was soon advanced to the position of chief electrician and chemist. From that time to this he has been foremost in the electro-plating field.

PROF. F. B. CROCKER

In some respects the industry has been almost revolutionized by his inventions. When he began all electro-plating was done with currents obtained from chemical batteries, a tremendously expensive practice. He set his mechanical genius to work and devised a dynamo. Out of this grew changes that ultimately reduced the cost of gold, silver, nickel, copper and other plating fully seventy-five per cent. When it is considered that hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of electro-plated goods are annually produced, the saving effected by him may be readily understood. Realizing the extension that must come in electro-plating by the use of dynamo currents, Mr. Weston, who is as successful an organizer as he is an inventor, formed a company with works at Newark, New Jersey, to manufacture dynamos for this particular branch of industry.

Later, he also went into electric arc lighting and laid the foundation for what afterward became the United States Electric Lighting Company, with plants in every city of considerable size in the United States. These achievements would have marked epochs in almost any other man's life, but in Mr. Weston's case they have been almost obscured by still greater things. As the result of years of experimenting he perfected, early in the nineties, a system of electric current measuring devices or meters, to the manufacture of which he now devotes his time exclusively. There is hardly a town anywhere on the globe where one of the Weston voltmeters is not to be found. Europe and America have alike bestowed upon him their highest honors in this branch of what is undoubtedly the most important industry of man. Much of the development that has come in the application of electricity is due directly to the measuring instruments devised by this American Captain, for without them it would have been impossible, in many divisions of the electrical field, to study results and lay out new lines.

Naturally, having fine business ability, he is to-day a very rich man, and his home in Waverly Park, near Newark, New Jersey, is one of the show places of the vicinity. That he is not generally known to the public is due to the fact that he has always sought to avoid publicity and has confined his dealings almost entirely to the people engaged in the trade, coming very rarely in contact with others.

Francis B. Crocker, the fifth of the group of electricians, has large works not very far from Mr. Weston's on the outskirts of Newark. There the Crocker-Wheeler Company turns out annually an enormous quantity of all sorts of electrical machinery from a plant that is considered one of the model manufactories of the country. In addition to giving close attention to this company, Mr. Crocker is also head of the electrical department of Columbia University, he having created the course. His services are constantly sought in consultation wherever involved electrical problems come up. He was for several terms President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and his papers, read before that body, are standard literature in the profession.

### *The Invention that Keeps Us Cool*

All these are great honors, but probably the greatest debt the world owes him is that he is the original inventor of the small motor that drives electric fans. Since these fans came into use summer has lost much of its terror to the dwellers in cities. When, ordinarily, the weather would make labor of any kind impossible, the cooling fan creates an invigorating atmosphere. How much it has added to the productive capacity of the American people it would be idle to estimate; but any man can get an idea for himself as to what it has added in sheer physical comfort.

The story of this motor is interesting. While at college Mr. Crocker began to delve deeply into the subject of electricity. At nineteen he invented a system for party-line calls for telephones that was purchased by the Bell Company and which is still generally in use. One of his friends was a young man named Curtis, also an electrician. They were discussing one day the question of the relative value and power of motors.

"I think," said Crocker, "that if a small motor could be built, one, say, of less than one-quarter horse-power capacity, there would be a good market for it."

"I do, too," agreed Curtis, "but the thing has been tried and tried without success."

"That doesn't prove anything. Lots of things have been tried without success, and then some one has come along and performed the trick. I believe we could get together and build one."

Curtis was willing, and they started right there in Crocker's bedroom. In a couple of months, by putting in such spare time as they could afford, the young men had succeeded in fashioning their little machine, and to their great joy it worked perfectly. It had a capacity of one-eighth horse-power. Though improvements in electricity come with such swiftness that one machine is hardly finished before some one else has entirely remodeled it, this "C. C. motor," as it was called, is still the standard in general design.

### *A Pioneer in the Flour Industry*

As American electrical machinery is found in a dominating position in every foreign country, so American flour dominates the foreign markets in manufactured breadstuffs. Until comparatively recent times the United States was content to flood the world with her wheat. Now she exacts additional tribute by delivering this wheat in the shape of the finest flour ever milled. This change, which permits the American miller and the American workman to share with the American farmer the gold of the people across seas, was wrought largely through the efforts of W. H. Dunwoody, of Minneapolis, Vice-President of the Washburn-Crosby Milling Company, and the chief figure to-day in the American grain trade. It was natural, therefore, that Mr. Dunwoody should have been found very near the head of the table at the dinner of the Captains of Industry. Senator Beveridge, in his series of remarkable articles for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, has told how he found the flour of America stacked under the new-built freight sheds on the Trans-Siberian Road, how it forms a staple diet in certain sections of China, and how the Japanese have taken to it with all the eager impetuosity of their race. Last year we sent 18,650,979 barrels of flour abroad for which we received $69,459,296. Before Mr. Dunwoody organized the machinery that created this market our exports amounted to comparatively little. For 1877, when he made his first trip to England, the foreign sales footed up only 3,343,665 barrels.

MR. W. H. DUNWOODY

Mr. Dunwoody served his apprenticeship in the flour trade in Philadelphia. Raised on a farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania, he went into business, blessed with a constitution that enabled him to carry a load of responsibility under which most people would have collapsed. He went from Philadelphia to Minneapolis in 1870, when he was twenty-nine years old, at a time when the great flour city was by no means the important factor it is to-day in the trade, St. Louis and Rochester being in advance of it. The advantage that lay with these two latter cities was that they had an unfailing supply of fall-sown wheat which, under the old system of milling, made much whiter flour than the spring wheat on which Minneapolis depended.

But Mr. Dunwoody looked ahead and, feeling certain that improvements in manufacture must come which would give the Northwest, with its vast stretches of wheat lands, the advantage, he determined on Minneapolis as the best field for his work. Within two years of his arrival he became the operating head of two important milling concerns, and within four years he had revolutionized the entire system of wheat buying. For the haphazard method that had heretofore prevailed he substituted a system under which all the millers cooperated, thus enormously reducing the cost of securing the wheat without affecting the farmer.

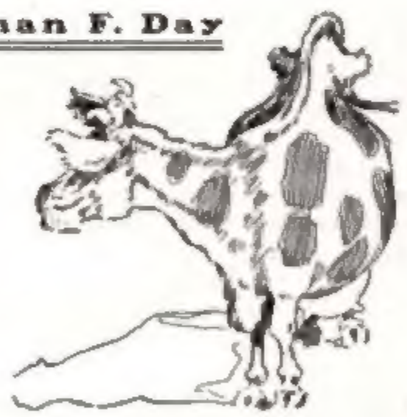
Almost immediately after this he took up the question of foreign shipments. He felt certain that if the millers should go about it in the right way they could create for themselves a big European market. Though some flour was going abroad, the trade across seas was entirely sporadic. He felt that with systematic effort it could be put on a sound basis. He discussed the matter with Governor Washburn, who was the leading figure in the trade, and with other prominent men. The result of this was that he sailed for England in November, 1877. There he met with the most determined opposition from the merchants whose commissions would be cut off if the Americans should ship direct, and from the millers whose trade was menaced. But Mr. Dunwoody is of Scotch extraction, and after he once takes hold he never lets go. He built up a system under which Minneapolis flour men could trade directly with distributors, and he saw to it that American flour would be pushed in accordance with its merits.

Then he went to the Continent, and in an incredibly short time there was established in every important European centre a settled and recognized method of distribution. The trade jumped by leaps and bounds, and the entire Northwest prospered accordingly. So perfect was the system that he inaugurated that it has never been changed, and the Minneapolis mills now export direct on through bills of lading one-third of their entire product.

In his home city Mr. Dunwoody was long ago accorded a place of high honor. He is a millionaire and one of the most public-spirited citizens of the country, being a liberal patron of the arts and sciences as well as a great money-maker.

## The Elder and the "Caff"

By Holman F. Day



OH, OLD Widder Bugg was a-weanin' her caff —
Took a ha'f for herself an' gin him a ha'f:
Had a nice leetle tro'f an' the caff et there
As calm as a sassige, I dew declare.
Parson he called on the Widder one day,
Offered to help her pitch daown hay:
"An' the dear leetle caff," says he with a la'f,
"I reelly must feed that dear leetle caff."

*Oh, there's work for me an' there's work for you,*
*Hi-deedle-deedle, there's work for to do;*
*But it seems to me that each man's hands*
*Better stick to the job that he best understands.*

"Lawk," says the Widder, "yew'll mess your clothes!
Better let me"— but the parson goes.
Pours the nice warm milk in the nice leetle tro'f,
But, drat his hide, that caff hangs off.
Parson he pokes that leetle caff's nose
Down in the tro'f, an' the caff he blows —
Whoosh! an' the parson, I vum an' declare,
Was a river of milk from his toes to his hair.
She told what he said, did the Widder Bugg,
An' the church has fired him out, ker-chug!

*Oh, there's work for me an' there's work for you,*
*Hi-deedle-deedle, there's work for to do;*
*But it seems to me that each man's hands*
*Better stick to the job that he best understands.*

# CONJUROR'S HOUSE—A Romance of the Free Forest—By Stewart Edward White

Author of The Blazed Trail, Etc.

*CHAPTER XVI*

THEY carried the unconscious girl into the dim-lighted apartment of the curtained windows and laid her on the divan. Wishkobun, hastily summoned, unfastened her dress at the throat.

"It is a faint," she announced in her own tongue. "She will recover in a few minutes. I will get some water."

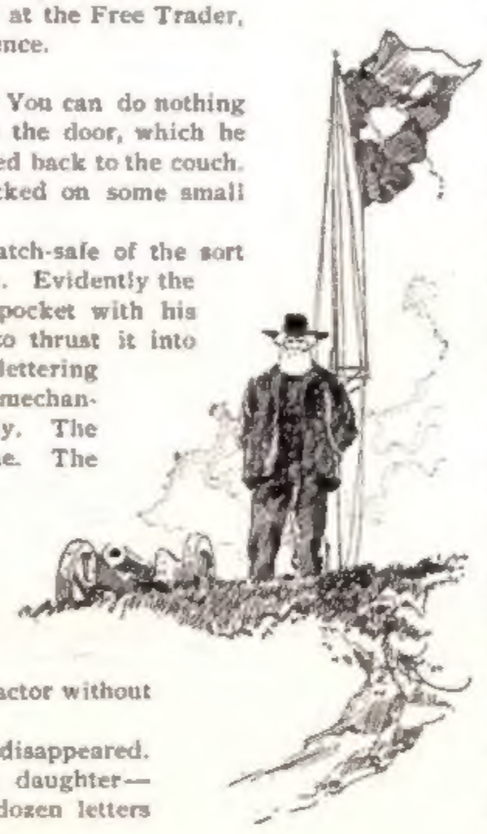
Ned Trent wiped the moisture from his forehead with his handkerchief. The danger he had undergone coolly, but this touched him near. Galen Albret, like an anxious bear, weaved back and forth the length of the couch. In him the rumble of the storm was but just echoing into distance.

"Go into the next room," he growled at the Free Trader, when finally he noticed the latter's presence.

Ned Trent hesitated.

"Go, I say!" insisted the Factor. "You can do nothing here." He followed the young man to the door, which he closed with his own hand, and then turned back to the couch. In the middle of the floor his foot clicked on some small object. Mechanically he picked it up.

It proved to be a little vulcanite match-safe of the sort almost universally used in the far North. Evidently the Free Trader had flipped it from his pocket with his handkerchief. The Factor was about to thrust it into his own pocket, when his eye caught lettering roughly carved across one side. Still mechanically, he examined it more closely. The lettering was that of a man's name. The man's name was Graehme Stewart.



Galen Albret dropped into a chair, still holding the little match-safe, still staring at the rudely carved letters. Wishkobun opened the door, bearing a pitcher of water with which to bring the girl out of her swoon.

"*Sagaamig*—go!" commanded the Factor without looking up.

Unsurprised, the Indian woman disappeared. Galen Albret was left alone with his daughter—and with the thoughts aroused by the dozen letters of a man's name.

All his life long he had been a hard man; his commands autocratic; his anger formidable; his punishments severe, and sometimes cruel. The quality of mercy was with him tenuous and weak. He knew this, and if he did not exactly glory in it, he was at least indifferent to its effect on his reputation with others. But always he had been just.

So in the case of the young man with whom now his thoughts were occupied. Twice he had warned him from the country without the punishment the third attempt rendered imperative. The events succeeding his arrest at Conjuror's House had warmed the Factor's anger to the heat of almost preposterous retribution perhaps—for, after all, a man's life is worth something, even in the wilds—but it was actually retribution, and not merely a ruthless proof of power. It might be justice as only the Factor saw it, but it was still essentially justice—in the broader sense that for each act had followed a definite consequence.

Nor had his resolution been permanently affected either by the girl's threat to make away with herself or by his momentary softening when she had fainted. The affair was thereby complicated, but that was all. In the sincerity of the threat he recognized his own iron nature, and was perhaps a little pleased at its manifestation. He knew she intended to fulfill her promise not to survive her lover, but this did not reach his fears; it only aroused further his dogged opposition.

The name on the Free Trader's match-box, however, had touched the one flaw in Galen Albret's confidence of righteousness. Wearied with the struggles and the passions he had undergone, his brain numbed, his will for the moment in abeyance, he seated himself and contemplated the images that name had called up.

Graehme Stewart! That man he had first met at Fort Rae over twenty years ago. It was but just after he had married Virginia's mother. At once his imagination, with the keen pictorial power of those who have dwelt long in the Silent Places, brought forward the other scene—that of his wooing. He had driven his dogs into Fort LaCloche after a hard day's run in seventy-five degrees of frost. Weary, hungry, half frozen he had staggered into the fire-lit room. Against the blaze he had caught for a moment a young girl's profile, lost as she turned her face toward him in startled question of his entrance. Men had cared for his dogs. The girl had brought him hot tea. In the corner of the fire they two had whispered one to the other—the already grizzled traveler of the silent land, the brave Northmaiden. At midnight, their parkas drawn close about their faces in the fearful cold, they had met outside the inclosure of the Post. An hour later they were away under the aurora for Qu'Appelle. Galen Albret's nostrils expanded as he heard again the *crack, crack, crack* of the remorseless dog-whip whose sting drew him away from the vain pursuit. After Qu'Appelle they had gone to Rae, and there he had first seen Graehme Stewart.

Fort Rae is on the northwestward arm of the Great Slave Lake in the country of the Dog Ribs, only four degrees under the Arctic Circle. It is a dreary spot, for the Barren Grounds are all about. Men see only the great lake, the great sky, and the great gray country. They become moody, fanciful. In the face of the Silence they have little to say. At Fort Rae were old Jock Wilson, the Chief Trader; Father Bonat, the priest; Andrew Levoy, the *métis* clerk; four Dog Rib teepees; Galen Albret and his bride—and Graehme Stewart. Jock Wilson was sixty-five; Father Bonat had no age; Andrew Levoy possessed the years of dour silence. Only Graehme Stewart and Elodie, bride of Albret, were young. In the great gray country their lives were like spots of color on a mist. Galen Albret finally became jealous.

At first there was nothing to be done; but finally Levoy brought to the older man proof of the younger's guilt. The harsh traveler bowed his head and wept. But since he loved Elodie more than himself—which was perhaps the only redeeming feature of this sorry business—he said nothing, nor did more than to journey south to Edmonton, leaving the younger man alone in Fort Rae to the White Silence.

In the course of time Galen Albret had a daughter, but lost a wife. It was no longer necessary for him to leave his wrong unavenged. Then began a series of baffling hindrances which resulted finally in his stooping to means repugnant to his open sense of what was due himself. At the first he could not travel to his enemy because of the child in his care; when finally he had succeeded in placing the little girl where he would be satisfied to leave her, he himself was suddenly and peremptorily called East to take a post in Rupert's Land. He could not disobey and remain in the Company, and the Company was more to him than life or revenge. The little girl he left in Sacré Cœur of Quebec: he himself took up his residence in the Hudson's Bay country. After a few years, becoming lonely for his own flesh and blood, he sent for his daughter.

As Factor he gained a vast power; and this power he turned into the channels of his hatred. Graehme Stewart felt always against him the hand of influence. His posts in the Company's service became intolerable. At length, in indignation against continued injustice, oppression and insult, he resigned, broken in fortune and in prospects. He became one of the earliest Free Traders on the Saskatchewan, devoting his energies to enraged opposition of the Company which had wronged him. In the space of three years he met a violent and striking death; for the early days of the Free Trade were adventurous. Albret's revenge had struck home.

Then, in after years, Albret had again met with Andrew Levoy. The man staggered in late at night. He had started from Winnipeg to descend the Albany River, but had met with mishap and starvation. One by one his dogs had died. In some blind fashion he pushed on for days after his strength and sanity had left him. Mu-hi-kun had brought him in. The man's toes and fingers had frozen and dropped off; his face was a mask of black frost-bitten flesh in which deep fissures opened to the raw. He had gone snow-blind. Scarcely was he recognizable as a human being.

From such a man in extremity could come nothing but the truth, so Galen Albret believed him. Before Andrew Levoy died that night he told of his deceit. The Factor left the room with the weight of a crime on his conscience. For Graehme Stewart had been innocent, and Elodie's love had never wavered.

Such was the story Galen Albret saw in the little vulcanite match-box. Such was the one flaw in his consciousness of righteousness; the one instance in a long career when his ruthless acts of punishment or reprisal had not rested on exact justice. And by the irony of fate the one instance had touched him very near. Now here before him was his enemy's son—he wondered that he had not discovered the resemblance before—and he was about to visit on him the severest punishment in his power. Was not this an opportunity vouchsafed him to repair his ancient fault, to cleanse his conscience of the one sin of the kind it would acknowledge?

But then over him swept the same blur of anger that had resulted in Graehme Stewart's undoing. This youth wooed his daughter: he had won her affections away. Strangely enough, Galen Albret confused the new and the old; again youth cleaved to youth, leaving age apart. Age felt fiercely the desire to maintain its own. The Factor crushed the vulcanite match-box between his great palms, and looked up. His daughter lay before him, still, lifeless. Deliberately he rested his chin on his hands and contemplated her.

The old man's spirit, wearied by the stress of the last hour, turned in on itself and began to create. The cameo profile, the mistlike body, the marble hands remained; but now Galen Albret saw other things as well. A dim, rare perfume was wafted from some unseen space; indistinct flashes of light spotted the darkness; faint swells of music lifted the silence intermittently. These things were small and still and underneath the external consciousness—like the voices one may hear beneath the roar of a tumbling rapid—but gradually they defined themselves. The perfume came to Galen Albret's nostrils on the wings of incensed smoke; the flashes of light steadied to the ovals of candle flames; the faint swells of music blended into grand-breathed organ chords. He felt about him the awe of the church. He saw the tapers burning at head and foot, the clear, calm face of the dead, smiling faintly that at last it should be no more disturbed. So had he looked all one night and all one day in the long time ago. He stretched his arms out to the figure on the couch, but he called upon his wife, gone these twenty years.

"Elodie! Elodie!" he murmured softly.

She had never known it, but he had wronged her, too. In all sorrow and sweet, heavenly pity he had believed that her youth had turned to the youth of the other man. It had not been so. Did he not owe her, too, some reparation?

As though in answer to his cry, or perhaps merely that the sound of a human voice had broken the last shreds of her swoon, the girl moved slightly. Galen Albret did not stir. Slowly Virginia turned her head until finally her wandering eyes met his, fixed on her with passionate intensity. For a moment she stared at him, then comprehension came to her along with memory. She cried out, and sat upright in one abrupt effort.

"He! Tell me," she cried. "Is he gone?"

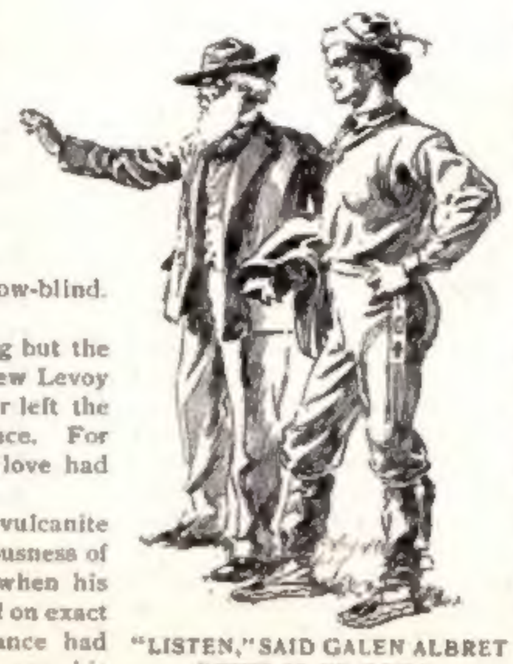
Instantly Galen Albret had her in his arms.

"It is all right," he soothed, drawing her close to his great breast. "All right. You are my own little girl!"

*CHAPTER XVII*

FOR perhaps an hour Ned Trent lounged in one of the armchairs of the council-room to which he had returned. Then he began to pace the room, examining minutely the various objects that ornamented it. He paused longest at the full-length portrait of Sir George Simpson, the Company's great traveler, with his mild blue eyes, his kindly face, his snowy hair. The painted man and the real man looked at one another inquiringly. The latter shook his head.

"You traveled the wild country far," said he thoughtfully. "You knew many men of many lands. And wherever you went they tell me you made friends. And yet as you embodied this Company to all these people, and so made for the very fanatical loyalty that is destroying me, I suppose you and I are enemies!" He shrugged his shoulders whimsically and turned away.



"LISTEN," SAID GALEN ALBRET . . . "THIS IS MY SON"

Thence he cast a fleeting glance out the window at the long reach of the Moose and the blue bay gleaming in the distance. He tried the outside door. It was locked. Taken with a new idea he proceeded to the third door of the apartment. It opened.

He found himself in a small and much-littered room containing a desk, two chairs, a vast quantity of papers, a

Editor's Note—This story was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of April 19.

stuffed bird or so, and a row of account books—evidently the Factor's private office

Ned Trent returned to the main room and listened intently for several minutes. After that he ran back to the office and began hastily to open and rummage one after another the drawers of the desk. He discovered and concealed several bits of string, a desk knife and a box of matches. Then he uttered a guarded exclamation of delight. He had found a small revolver, and with it part of a box of cartridges.

"A chance!" he cried. "A chance!"

The game would be desperate. He would be forced first of all to seek out and kill the men detailed to shadow him—a toy revolver against rifles; white man against trained savages. And after that he would have, with the cartridges remaining, to assure his subsistence. Still, it was a chance.

He closed the drawers and the door, and resumed his seat in the armchair by the council-table.

For over an hour thereafter he awaited the next move in the game. He was already swinging up the pendulum arc. The case did not seem utterly hopeless. He resolved, through Me-en-gan, whom he divined as a friend of the girl, to smuggle a message to Virginia, bidding her hope. Already his imagination had conducted him to Quebec where in August he would search her out and make her his own.

Soon one of the Indian servants entered the room for the purpose of conducting him to a smaller apartment where he was left alone for some time longer. Food was brought him. He ate heartily, for he considered that wise. Then, at last, the summons came for which he had been so long in readiness. Me-en-gan himself entered the room, and motioned him to follow.

Ned Trent had already prepared his message on the back of an envelope, writing it with the bullet of a cartridge. He now pressed the bit of paper into the Indian's palm.

"For *O-mi-mi*," he explained.

Me-en-gan bored him through with his beadlike eyes.

"*Nin nissitotam*," he agreed after a moment.

He led the way. Ned Trent followed through the narrow uncarpeted hall with the faded photograph of Westminster, down the crooked, steep stairs with the creaking degrees, and finally into the council room once more, with its heavy rafters, its two fireplaces, its long table, and narrow windows.

"*Beka*—wait!" commanded Me-en-gan, and left him.

Ned Trent had supposed he was being conducted to the canoe which should bear him on his long journey, but now he seemed condemned again to take up the wearing uncertainty of inaction. The interval was not long, however. Almost immediately the other door opened, and the Factor entered.

His movements were abrupt and impatient, for with whatever grace such a man yields to his better instincts, the actual carrying out of their conditions is a severe trial. For one thing, it is a species of emotional nakedness exceedingly repugnant to the self-contained. Ned Trent observing this, and misreading its cause, hugged the little revolver to his side with grim satisfaction. The interview was like to be stormy. If worst came to worst, he was at least assured of reprisal before his own end.

The Factor walked directly to the head of the table and to his customary armchair, in which he disposed himself.

"Sit down," he commanded, indicating a chair.

Galen Albret hesitated appreciably. Then, as one would make a plunge into cold water, quickly, in one motion, he laid on the table something over which he held his hand.

"You are wondering why I am interviewing you again," said he. "It is because I have become aware of certain things. When you left me a few hours ago you dropped this." He moved his hand to one side. The vulcanite match-safe lay on the table.

"Yes, it is mine," agreed Ned Trent.

"On one side is carved a name."

"Yes."

"Whose?"

The Free Trader hesitated. "My father's," he said at last.

"I thought that must be so. You will understand when I tell you that at one time I knew him very well."

"You knew my father?" cried Ned Trent.

"Yes. At Fort Rae, and elsewhere. But I do not remember you."

"I was reared at Winnipeg," the other explained.

"Once," pursued Galen Albret, "I did your father a wrong, unintentionally, but nevertheless a great wrong. For that reason, and others, I am going to give you your life."

"What wrong?" demanded Ned Trent.

"I forced him from the Company."

"You!"

"Yes, I. Listen. Proof was brought me that he had won from me my young wife. It could not be doubted. I could not kill him. Afterward the man who deceived me confessed. He is now dead."

Ned Trent, gasping, rose slowly to his feet. One hand stole inside his jacket and clutched the butt of the little pistol.

"You did that!" he cried hoarsely. "You tell me of it yourself? Do you wish to know the real reason for my coming into this country? Why I have traded in defiance of the Company throughout the whole far North? I have thought my father was persecuted to his death by the Company, that's why; and though I could not do much, still I have accomplished what I could to avenge him. It has been a weary business. Had I known that a single man had done this!—and you are that man!"

He came a step nearer. Galen Albret regarded him steadily.

"If I had known this before, I should never have rested until I had hunted you down, until I had killed you, even in the midst of your own people!" cried the Free Trader at last.

Galen Albret drew his heavy revolver and laid it on the table.

"Do so now," he said quietly.

A pause fell on them, pregnant with possibility. The Free Trader dropped his head.

"No," he groaned. "Now I cannot. She stands in the way."

"So that, after all," concluded the Factor in a gentler tone than he had yet employed, "we two shall part peaceably. I have wronged you greatly, though without intention. You have wronged me not so greatly, but with intention. Perhaps one balances the other. We will let it pass."

"Yes," agreed Ned Trent; "we will let it pass."

They mused in silence while the Factor drummed on the table with the stubby fingers of his right hand.

"I am dispatching to-day," he announced curtly at length, "the Abitibi Brigade. Matters of importance brought from Rupert's House force me to do so at once. I shall send you out with that brigade."

"Very well."

"You will find your packs and arms in the canoe, intact," the older man continued quietly.

"Thank you."

The Factor examined the young man's face with slow deliberation.

"You love my daughter truly?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," replied Ned Trent, also quietly.

"That, perhaps, is well, for she loves you. And," went on the old man, throwing his massive head back proudly, "my people love well! I won her mother in a night, and nothing could stay us! God be thanked you are a man, and brave and clean. Enough of that! I place the brigade under your command. You must be responsible for it, for I am sending no other white man—my crew are Indians and *metis*."

"All right," agreed Ned Trent indifferently.

"My daughter you will take to Sacré Cœur at Quebec."

"Your daughter?" cried the young man.

"I am sending her to Quebec. I had not intended to do so until July, but the matters from Rupert's House make it imperative now."

"Virginia goes with me?"

"Yes."

"You consent?—you——"

"Young man," said Galen Albret, not unkindly, "I give my daughter in your charge: that is all. You must take her to Sacré Cœur. And you must be patient. Next year I shall resign, for I am getting old, and then we shall see. That is all I can tell you now."

He arose abruptly.

"Come," he commanded, "they are waiting."

They threw open the door and stepped out under the open sky. A breeze from the North brought a draft of air like cold water in its refreshment. The waters of the North sparkled and tossed in the silvery sun. Ned Trent threw his shoulders wide in the physical delight of a new freedom.

But his companion was already descending the steps. He followed across the square grass-plot to the two bronze guns. A noise of people came down the breeze. In a moment he saw them—all the varied multitude of the Post—gathered to speed the brigade on its distant journey.

The little beach was crowded with the Company's people and with Indians, talking eagerly, moving hither and yon in a shifting kaleidoscope of brilliant color. Beyond the shore floated the long canoe, with its curving ends and its emblazonment of the five-pointed stars. Already its baggage was aboard, its crew in place, ten men in whose caps slanted long, graceful feathers which proved them boatmen of a Factor. The women sat amidships.

When Galen Albret reached the edge of the plateau he stopped and laid his hand on the young man's arm. As yet they were unperceived. Then a single man caught sight of them. He spoke to another: the two informed a third and fourth. In an instant the bright colors were dotted with upturned faces.

"Listen," said Galen Albret in his resonant chest tones of authority. "This is my son, and he must be obeyed. I give him command of this brigade. See to it."

Without troubling himself further as to the crowd below he turned to his companion.

"I will say good-by," said he formally, extending a hand to the young man.

"Good-by," replied Ned Trent.

"All is at peace between us?"

The Free Trader gazed intently into the man's sad eyes. The hard, proud spirit, bowed in knightly expiation of its one fault, for the first time in a long life of command looked out in supplication.

"All is at peace," repeated Ned Trent.

They clasped hands. And Virginia, perceiving them so, threw them a wonderful smile.

(*Concluded on Page 15*)

THE CANOE WAS NOW IN THE SMOOTH RUSH OF THE FIRST SWIFTER WATER

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶The summer girl is not so bad as she is freckled.

¶This is a wonderful year. The news events are even larger than the scare-heads.

¶Fools are often parted from their money, but some of them get it back again and boast of wisdom.

¶Success consists more in getting the best out of one's self than in getting the better of another person.

¶If the Filipinos could be made to listen to all the Congressional oratory about the islands, peace might be hastened.

¶There is little need of fear. Great capitalists may merge the past and the present, but no merger is large enough or strong enough to hold the future.

¶A woman who praises another woman's character is an angel; a man who places another man's success above his own and declares it is deserved is an archangel.

¶In reforming the evils of the customs inspections Secretary Shaw went so far as to instruct the women how to pack their trunks. Now, if he will only show the husbands how to make the refractory strap reach the impossible hole he will crown matrimony with a halo.

¶Mr. Carnegie was not speaking figuratively when he said: "Trade does not care a fig for the flag; it's dividends that count." Excellently said, of course, but all the same trade cares a great deal for the flag when its interests are threatened. Then it's the warships that count.

¶Uncle Sam does not look for precedents, or at the color of the flag, when human beings are to be succored and saved. In doing more for the French islands in the West Indies than France did herself, this country again showed the same prompt and generous sympathy that fed the starving of Ireland and mitigated the famines of Russia and India.

¶A New York clergyman is fighting a suit for five thousand dollars brought by the parents of a boy who, while acting as caddie, was hit in the eye by a golf ball and blinded for life. The defense is that it was an accident and that the clergyman has paid the medical expenses. The golf casualties last year were many, and included one or two fatal cases. Unless better care is exercised, the game will soon be taking the place of football as a contributor to the hospitals. Yet, despite accidents and ping-pong, golf holds its own.

## The Air Line to Health

THE modern city is becoming more and more like a wheel—a central hub in which business is done and from which radiate fast trains and trolleys to an outer circumference of green fields and woods, where one may go after a day of playing Mr. Hyde in town to give Dr. Jekyll a chance to regain the upper hand

Between the spokes live those to whom life without gas, sewers and policemen is not worth the living. But those who can't and those who won't dwell out of town grow fewer every year. For the first, the problem is being solved by increasingly rapid transit—by improvements which will, in a few years, merge the suburbs of New York into those of Philadelphia

This better service is throwing open the farms for fifty miles around the city to preemption by the business man. Even now he may cry By Jove! over a bird at his luncheon in Delmonico's, and exclaim B'gosh! over a real broiler at his dinner in Podunk, twenty miles from Madison Square

There is hope for the man with dark blue lungs, who rails at your folly in coaxing an acre of ground to grow grass that, once a week, in the sweat of your brow, you may push a lawn mower over it. For your earnest neighbor with the wilted collar, who is planting turnip seed in the serene hope of its glorious resurrection as early radishes, was but last year a Philistine, his home a flat, his portion of Heaven the few square feet fenced off by the top of the light-well, his children's playground the street.

The only man who never can and never will be converted to the country is the fellow who was raised on the farm and kept close to Nature from sunup to sunset, with an hour at noon for soggy pie and oatmeal water. He will go to see "The Old Homestead," and choke up a little, perhaps, when the fiddles play low, but that is about as near the real thing as he ever wants to get again.

## No Overcrowding in London

IT HAS been the fashion of Americans of late, when commenting on the alleged decadence of the British Empire, to prophesy that the hope for England's future lies in her becoming "the playground of America." The prospect of being merely a gigantic pleasure resort, well equipped with charming scenery, historic monuments and cheap tailors, does not in general either please or flatter the Briton. But there is just at present a large class which is hoping against hope that the influx of American visitors into London for the Coronation season will be as great as the excited imaginations of Fleet Street journalists have predicted.

If you want to take a house or a flat in London the agent will assure you that the unusually high price is really justified "because so many Americans are looking for places." The hotel proprietor, the lodging-house keeper, the owner of a stand along the route of the processions, the vendor of souvenir Coronation spoons—all of these are keeping up their courage by talking about American tourists. Yet while prices keep high their various offerings remain untaken, and so far as one can judge in London the trans-Atlantic visitor is not coming in greater numbers than usual. This is really important to know, because it is quite possible that the prospects of crowds and extortionate prices may keep away some Americans who want to include London in their summer tour.

London prices are really going up very little. Of course, the town will be crowded and expensive to live in. But when, it may be asked, was London in price not dear and full? Coronation or no Coronation the season is an irresistible magnet to many. And aside from the great ceremonial itself there are many lesser functions which will be interesting and at the same time easier of access than the Coronation itself. These will draw some people to town who ordinarily stay away. But to counterbalance this many who dislike crowds and festivals will not come up to London, and many Londoners will seize this opportunity for letting the town home and managing a trip abroad. Of course, those who have the privilege of being in Westminster Abbey itself for the crowning will in almost every case avail themselves of the opportunity. The spectacle is unquestionably going to be of marvelous interest and beauty. But there are so few of these happy ticket-holders that they will scarcely swell the London crowd.

The streets will not be comfortable promenades on the big days, but it needs no rush of outsiders to cause this. If an effective blockade of London could be established, her millions could still easily render Piccadilly and the Strand impassable. But all these people have beds and board of their own. They will only disturb the visitor in the streets.

To sum up the whole matter, unless Americans come in such numbers as to crowd each other, a most unlikely event, they will find plenty of accommodation in London at any price And when all is said and done there is a "good free show on" this summer

## Why Britannia Can't Rule the Waves

THE agitation stirred up in the British mind by the progress of the American Shipping Trust is natural enough, but not entirely reasonable. The Trust is merely an agent of economic law. England has frequently ridden this law to her profit. Just at present it happens to be rolling over her. Hence these tears.

The whole series of English political economists will tell you that capital in the long run will go where it can get the best returns. If these returns happen to be found on the ocean, capital will go there, and if that capital happens to belong to Americans, then Americans will get control of the ocean. It is a very simple process, and as inevitable as it is simple.

The loss of the control of the sea is not England's real trouble. It is only a symptom. The real fundamental trouble is that England is no longer the richest country in the world, and no longer disposes of the bulk of the world's available capital.

When Holland was the richest country in Europe she was also the mistress of the ocean carrying trade. When she lost her superiority in wealth, she lost her maritime supremacy.

When a nation thrives to such an extent that all its home industries are carried on by its own capital, and there is still a surplus seeking investment, the most natural place to begin investing outside is on the ocean. There its capital is not at the mercy of foreign laws. Investments in ships are an extension of investments at home. Hence, if we have more money than we know what to do with here, and the number of hundred-thousand-dollar diamond tiaras worn at the Metropolitan Opera House seems to indicate that we have, it is to be expected that we shall begin buying ships with the surplus before we undertake to build railroads in Uganda or open mines in Manchuria.

The English patriots may console themselves with one reflection. The capital of the whole world is becoming fluid. There is no such thing as a strictly American trust. Anybody can invest in the shares of the shipping combination, and it will be an English combination to just the extent to which Englishmen put their money into it. Of course, if they do not put as much money in as Americans do they must expect the control to remain on this side of the Atlantic. They have spent on the Boer War seven times as much as the entire capitalization of the Shipping Trust. Presumably they have gained seven times as much satisfaction from the situation in South Africa as they would have from the control of the carrying trade of the Atlantic. In that case there seems to be no occasion for discontent.

## Where Our Labor Leaders Go

PROFESSOR FELIX ADLER thinks that the labor movement in this country suffers from the poor quality of its leaders. "The rank and file," he says, "are superior to the rank and file in England, but English leaders are superior to the labor leaders in this country. The success of the movement depends on evolution to a higher type of leader."

In that case the success of the movement is problematical, for there is one insuperable bar to the development of the highest type of labor leadership in America. It results from the very superiority of American conditions. There are no fixed classes in this country, and there is no limit to a workingman's possible advancement. In England, the ablest members of the working class only aspire to the leadership of the trade unions. In this country they cease to be wage-earners and become managers of factories, heads of trusts, or capitalists. In England Mr. Schwab would probably have become the president of a union. In this country he has been intrusted with the control of $1,400,000,000 of capital, and is an opponent of the unions.

In the new organization of American industry every workingman is under the continuous observation of his superiors, who are constantly on the lookout for ability. Every one who shows more capacity than his fellows is promoted. When the cream is thus continually rising and being skimmed off there must naturally be skim milk behind. In a country in which class lines are permanent, and in which a man once a laborer is always a laborer, this disadvantage, of course, does not exist, but most Americans would think an ably managed system of labor organizations dearly bought at the cost of the division of society into petrified castes. They prefer to leave the marshal's baton in the knapsack of every private in the industrial army, even if the leadership of the unions should suffer a little in consequence

# THE HOME COLLEGE COURSE

## The Mastery of English

By GEORGE R. CARPENTER

Professor of Rhetoric, Columbia University

I ACCEPT the more willingly the invitation of the editors to address the large body of the readers of this journal on the mastery of language because I have recently been attempting to formulate, as a result of much correspondence, the state of mind of such questioners and the possibility of satisfying their desires—not in particular but in the abstract; an answer not to each special question but to the general feeling that prompts all such questions. For these inquirers resolve themselves into three classes: foreigners, at a loss to distinguish between the idiomatic and the unidiomatic; people of defective education, puzzled how to distinguish between the false and the true; and timorous people, often with more education than they know how to use, pathetically astray when "authorities" seem to differ. For all these classes the experienced diagnostician can predict relief provided that the sufferers are intelligent and are willing to use their intelligence. The intelligent foreigner will soon learn the language well enough for all practical purposes; the intelligent person of defective education has only to inform himself—the mind that masters a business "proposition" can master the principles of language; and fearful folk may, if they will, gain assurance in matters of language as in other matters of social life.

The whole question is one of intelligence. Language depends upon intelligence—indeed, it almost *is* intelligence. To the intelligent mind, therefore, language presents no special difficulties, certainly none that are not easily to be surmounted by industry. Any intelligent man who does not know his native language well has never really wanted to know it. That coordination of associations which is the essence of mastery over language is no harder to acquire than is the coordination of muscles that is the essence of skill in boxing. Linguistic hygiene, so to speak, is as simple as physical hygiene. If it were not so language would speedily decay. For language is not produced or regulated by experts. It is made and maintained by the intelligent. It has, then, no mysteries, so far as its practical use is concerned. Any intelligent person can understand his own language, and make it serve his purposes, with almost as little trouble as he might expend in understanding that other creation of the intelligent, our own Government, and in learning his duties and privileges with regard to it.

Of the questions themselves there are two main types, one relating to accuracy and one to competency. The inquirer asks, "How shall I know what is correct in matters of expression?" and "What shall I learn in order to write well?" These very different matters should be discussed separately.

### *Erroneous Ideas as to Standards*

The prevailing idea in the United States about accuracy or correctness is said to have been largely a New England product, and to have been specially fostered by the old-fashioned Yankee "schoolmarm." It is the natural but erroneous supposition that somewhere there exists a book containing all the laws of right and wrong in our language. If the questioner had this book, and could use it, he would not need to consult the expert; but he has no book of that sort, or is puzzled to know which of many pretended law givers is the one possessing real authority, and so he asks the expert, who is supposed always to have at his elbow a well-thumbed copy of this marvelous volume

We can easily understand how such an extraordinary notion gained credence. Latin, so long regarded in Europe as the perfected mode of human expression, was an artificial language, never spoken by the people at large in the form in which we know it, but used by the comparatively small body of educated persons in formal discourse. As a living tongue it soon perished and was then speedily codified in dictionaries and grammars. It became a sort of logical system, a game in which the counters were always the same, the game being to combine them in certain set ways. The modern tongues, which until recently were a perfect hodgepodge of dialects (and which still are in some lands), envied Latin its fixedness and uniformity, and foolishly took the dead as the name of the living, dreaming thus to annihilate change and to make of each language a complete and unaltering system. For this purpose theorists devised dictionaries and grammars which should by dogma destroy diversity and put speech under lock and key

In a sense, this was a proper motive, for it was merely a sign of the tendency toward uniformity that arises as geographical and social barriers are broken down, and all classes and localities come to know one another more thoroughly. In a larger sense, however, the spirit that produced Johnson's Dictionary and Lindley Murray's Grammar was misleading, because the great currency of such volumes, in spite of their services in producing uniformity, spread a feeling of subserviency to an imaginary authority. The ideal dictionary would indeed be authoritative for a short space of years, but in a different fashion. It would contain all the words that our people ever use, with all the pronunciations that are ever given to them in one or another locality. And with each word or form or meaning or pronunciation would be indicated the extent to which it is narrowly or widely local, or partly or wholly national. Such a dictionary would almost be a work of omniscience, but only from a work based on such materials could a scientific opinion of positive authority be derived. Without similarly broad information absolute dogma is out of place. It is interesting to know what Samuel Johnson or Noah Webster, what Lindley Murray or Richard Grant White, or any of their successors, thought should be regarded as accurate, just as it was interesting to know what the late Mr. Ward McAllister, who was said to have given much attention to matters of social usage, and who had had much experience in them, thought was courteous, and hence proper, under certain circumstances. But the dogmatic dictum in either case is of little ultimate value. One man does not regulate a language nor the forms in which courtesy reveals itself. Intelligent people, as a body, regulate both.

### *Fallacies in Regard to Great Authors*

A somewhat similar fallacy is that which connects accuracy in the use of our language with the great authors of the past. So far as the looking backward is concerned, this is surely a pessimistic belief. Is the world growing so bad that we must turn to the past rather than to the future for perfection? Such surely is not the characteristically American doctrine. There was much that was admirable in the ways of our grandfathers, and we will imitate them whenever we choose, but we can scarcely intend to do so blindly, for we are disposed to believe that, in all matters depending upon intelligence, the world is growing better with every generation, so far as regards the people at large, and that our own ways of speech are likely to be better than those of a century ago

Nor is it plain why the usage of the man of letters should be the sole test of accuracy, whether the said man of letters be living or dead. Genius gives no such authority over matters of language as royalty, in some countries, is said to possess over matters of ceremony. Our only excuse for looking to literature for standards of correctness is either that literature, being designed for wide circulation, has adopted the most widely current of the forms of expression used by the people, or that, being read by multitudes, it may influence many in favor of its own peculiar linguistic forms. Something is to be said on both scores, but nothing can be wisely urged, it seems to me, that would throw stress on an aristocratic dogma which pretends to rest in a few a function that is the property of all

Having now seen that we can put no great value on dogmas about correctness that are the property of any one man or little group of men, and that the forms used in literature, and especially in the literature of past generations, have no exclusive claim to accuracy, we must attempt to determine wherein correctness consists.

Abstractly we can see that, in fields where accuracy is not to be determined mathematically, correctness describes the usage or procedure most conducive to efficiency in the purpose of the action. The correct way of swimming is that by which one attains the maximum speed or safety with the minimum exertion or risk. As we attire ourselves for purposes of personal hygiene and for purposes of adornment, we may say that we dress correctly when we dress so as most carefully to protect our health and so as to look our best. We may, then, in the abstract, say that we speak correctly when we use our native language most in accordance with its essential aim, which is that of providing a simple, systematic and effective method of expression. One language would then differ from another, not only in the diverse words of which it is composed, but in the special system by which these words are combined. The English system is one that does away, so far as possible, with inflection, and avoids exceptional or irregular forms or combinations. But to say that a particular expression is or is not in accordance with this system is not always easy. We often come as a nation to accept, by a sort of majority vote, a certain usage before we realize that in the acceptance we have been led by an unconscious feeling for the dimly recognized system of our language.

Of late years, for example, business men have become accustomed to using *loan* as a verb, usually with reference to the lending of money formally or in large amounts. The dictionaries and the rhetorics were against them, but they wisely paid no attention to either, for they were following the strong impulse which guides us to employ many such words both as nouns and verbs without change of form, and it may now be said that the usage is fairly well established

### *Good Use a Better Guide than Theory*

In almost all questions of doubt two principles of analogy will be found conflicting. We all say "he *does*," but many intelligent people say "he *don't*," and it is clear that they are thereby unconsciously following the apparently parallel forms "he *mustn't, can't*," etc., rather than the analogy of the regularly inflected verb. There is a similar conflict of analogies in the disputed *anybody's else* and *anybody else's*, and in almost every case of double or divided usage. Which analogy or combination of analogies will prove the stronger is in many instances impossible to predict, and it is plain that the theory is one that cannot well be trusted to for practical guidance in particular cases. It is hard for the individual to determine what the nation will eventually find most convenient, as was shown when, a generation or so ago, a few wise people tried to make out that *had rather*, which they found difficulty in parsing, was wrong, and that *would rather*, which they thought they could parse, was right. But *had rather*, besides being in reality perfectly parsable, had an ancient lineage and strong analogies, and the old phrase, to the discomfiture of the theorists, has survived the new.

Theory is, then, a dubious guide. Intelligent people have made—and are still making—our language, and the process is the work largely of intelligence; but the large number of conflicting analogies on which our linguistic practice is based cannot be reduced to a few simple and definite laws, nor can the action of the whole body of intelligent people be predicted with certainty in any particular instance. It is safer to trust ourselves, for a standard of correctness, not to theory but to fact—to the customs of the language.

Correctness, from this point of view, is conformity to the usage of the great body of intelligent people who use our language. Education is scarcely a sufficient test of membership in this body: one may go to school and to college and still speak ignorantly; one may conceivably never have had instruction in such matters and still speak faultlessly. It is better to make intelligence the test, and to say that in language, as in usages of all kinds, it is the mass of intelligent people who are the arbiters. We must exclude the grossly ignorant, who blunder in their speech; the foolish and empty-headed chatterers of both sexes, who speak merely with the lips and not with the mind; the wicked or degenerate, such as tramps or thieves, who have their own jargon; and (reluctantly) even the intelligent folk who are geographically so isolated that they have fallen into the use of specially local forms, or who are still employing strange survivals, elsewhere forgotten, from the speech of their ancestors.

### *The Real Makers of Our Language*

There remains a large—and increasingly large—fraction of the people: men and women who know what they are about, who vote intelligently, manage their households and their affairs intelligently, and who speak intelligently. They use words in two ways: for purposes of ordinary conversation, informally; and, with a greater degree of formality, for purposes of written communication. Words and expressions which such people use in the more formal way may also, as a rule, be appropriately used in conversation, but the reverse is less generally true

It is the language of this body—a body at once broad and select—that we may most justly call, in my opinion, our standard of correctness. In the effort to make our own usage conform, as far as is reasonable, with that of this body, we may profit by noticing the following points:

(1) Each person will naturally (and should naturally) give play to his own individuality. It is for the good of the language that he should not conform unintelligently to conventional usage in all questions of doubt, just as it is for the good of the commonwealth that he should not cast his vote unintelligently.

(2) Each person's special usages will naturally be modified by those of the people he knows. He is wise if he lets them be modified freely (provided that his attitude be not servile),

Editor's Note—This is the last of the papers on the English Language. A series of articles on Contemporary Science will begin in an early number.

and especially if they be modified in accordance with the practice of people who are plainly distinguished in character or attainments, or who have seen much of the world. Thus, in association with even a few, he may profit by the experience of many, and may change his individual usages where they needlessly conflict with those of the multitude of his peers.

(3) Though we hear much about "errors commonly made even by intelligent people," it is well to be somewhat skeptical about such extreme statements. If we are accustomed to hear an expression regularly or frequently in the mouths of men and women whose intelligence we respect, that expression cannot properly be called incorrect, unless these men and women belong to such a special set or locality that there is reason for believing that they form only a minute fraction of the whole body of intelligent citizens.

(4) Though there are only a few points in which intelligent people may chance to speak incorrectly, there are many points of double or divided usage as to which practice differs. These cases are those usually taken up in popular manuals, one form being styled correct and the other incorrect. With regard to such cases we can only use our own thoughtful judgment as to which expression is the more in conformity with our own habits of speech or with the practice of the larger part of the intelligent public.

(5) We use a dictionary to obtain some estimate as to prevailing usage. A usage given in a reputable dictionary of recent date is almost absolutely sure to be based on the practice of a considerable body of intelligent people and may therefore be regarded as "correct." When two or more forms or pronunciations are recorded, all are correct, irrespective of the order in which they are given. The order merely indicates the opinion of some member of the dictionary staff as to the relative frequency of use. We listen with respectful interest to such an opinion, but do not necessarily regard it as final When a form or pronunciation is not recorded in the dictionary, it by no means follows that it is incorrect: dictionary-makers are not omniscient, and it is not rare for them to commit errors of omission.

(6) We must remember that every one has his individual prejudices. I have, for example, an intense dislike to the use of *voice* (as a verb), and of *outing;* but I observe with consternation that many intelligent people use them, and I cannot with reason uphold the opinion (as I should otherwise gladly do) that they are incorrect. There are also local prejudices and social or class prejudices, and these are often so strong that it is unwise to discuss questions of double usage. There are few things about which people get angry so easily, or about which dogmatic opinions are so irrational, or about which discussion leads to so little good

### Books that Should be Studied

So much for the common question as to accuracy. It is the less important but the harder to explain. The other question, What shall one learn in order to write well? we can treat very briefly. Let us suppose that the inquirer is, as is usually the case, a man or woman of some maturity—twenty-five years old, perhaps—who has some leisure, and is either troubled because he cannot express his ideas with facility or is impelled by curiosity to know wherein the secret of good writing lies. There are, I should say, five steps he should take. Each might occupy him at most during a single year.

First, as a proper basis for all his work, he needs to get a clear idea of the English language as a system for the expression of thought—its laws of inflection, syntax and word-order, its chief lines of analogy, and the main principles which it seems to follow in its slow but sure changes. An instructor would be a help, if he were surely competent, but a man or woman with an orderly mind and industry could master the subject for himself, beginning with Whitney's English Grammar, or, if I may be excused the liberty, with mine, continuing with the various more advanced studies to which he will be referred in any good treatise, and concluding with Brander Matthews' Parts of Speech and Greenough and Kittredge's Words and Their Ways in English Speech.

Second, he will find it natural to inform himself as to the history of the language which he may do by the study of Lounsbury's book on that subject, with such collateral reading as would occur to him

Third, he would now be ready, after this basic study, to see what rhetoric could teach him as to the structure of the sentence and the paragraph, through some such volume as that of Herrick and Damon.

So far he could progress without help if necessary. Some help from outside is now all but indispensable, for he must begin to write, and to submit his writing regularly to a competent, kindly and frank critic, who will discuss it fully with him from the point of view of sense, of vigor and of logical construction. This will form the fourth step

Last of all, he will profit by finding a sensible instructor in elocution, who will make sure that he uses his voice properly and effectively. If he can then, in some circle of friends, practice speaking on his feet until he loses his nervousness and can make his points clearly and well, he may feel that the cycle is complete, and that he has gained a mastery over his native language.

This, with such reading of literature as any interested person would do of his own accord, is virtually all the study I should advise. Style will come of itself, and *what* one may write is not part of our subject. The active brain will supply its own ideas

# How to Get a Position from an Ad.

## Practical Advice to Ambitious Workers

By R. W. CONANT, M. D.

DO YOU say that it requires no art to answer an advertisement—that any one can do it who knows how to write? That depends upon whether you are the seeker or the sought.

There are thousands of men and women in the large cities who must answer advertisements as seekers; generally as anxious seekers. They are in search of a chance to earn an honest living, and it finally dawns upon them that they are engaged in a desperate competition with hundreds, or thousands, of others equally needy and desperate. There is nothing like actual experience to impress this unpalatable truth upon the mind I have heard people who ought to have known better, but who had had no personal experience of what it meant to "look for a job," declare that there was plenty of work for every man.

### Work Not Easy to Get

Perhaps such critics had read that there is plenty of work on the farms for any man who really wants it. But supposing that the city man out of employment has neither the hands nor the back for digging, what then? Or, perhaps these critics had glanced over the twelve columns or more of "Male Help Wanted" in the Sunday newspaper, and had drawn a hasty inference.

In the first place, over one-half of those ads. call for traveling salesmen, canvassers and boys, and are not fairly to be reckoned as "positions open to men." The traveling sales business is done to death. The rest of the ads., or the actual "positions," remain to be divided among a hundred times as many hungry applicants.

So the claim of plenty of work for everybody simmers down to this: If you are expert in some specialty which is in demand, have a fine record to point to and plenty of push, and if you know how to crowd in, your chances of distancing several hundred competitors and getting a place before you starve are good. What becomes of the others is another story, and not a pleasant one.

I shall offer a few suggestions drawn from an experience which cost me much money, misery and mortification. Once upon a time, through no fault of my own, I was suddenly thrown out of the work for which I had been educated and to which I had devoted many years. Although I had knowledge of several departments of industry there were only two in which I was really expert, and they were sadly overcrowded; so I found myself compelled to join in the mad scramble for some business position. My business experience was very limited, being confined to short terms as bookkeeper and office correspondent, but I started in hopefully, for had I not often read and heard that college-bred men, of integrity and character, were the very thing most demanded in the business world?

I shall not weary the reader with the details of those dreadful months of hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, while our little cash balance dwindled more and more, and my wife and I pinched closer and closer to keep the wolf's teeth from actually fastening on us. It is an old, sad story, and of no interest except for the lessons it taught.

Foremost among these lessons is—*Never let go.* I was out of work *nine months;* I answered over 450 ads. by letter, sent out 70 typewritten applications to picked addresses, and made uncounted applications in person before I struck a permanent position!

It is a corollary to this that when a man has work he should be sure to lay aside something against the next day of need.

The getting of a position through advertisements involves three steps: the application, the interview, and the trial or test.

The application involves several things, all so important that failure in any one of them means failure in everything. The first of these essentials is *quickness.* If the ad. appears in the Sunday paper, the probability is that the advertiser will stop at the newspaper office Monday morning when he goes down to business and get the answers already there; and as there are several hundred men after the same position, the probabilities also are that he will find more than enough to choose from and that later answers will be thrown away.

I know of one man who advertised for an office correspondent. He received 300 replies! From these he quickly winnowed a score of those of the best appearance, and to the writers he sent requests for an interview. From the score of interviews he narrowed his selection to a half dozen; and to them he applied a test which should determine the one man out of the whole 300 who was best fitted for the position.

At one time I advertised for a medical student to do chores about my house in payment for his board. I was perfectly amazed at the number and character of the applicants, many of them being practicing physicians.

These instances are worth noting as evidences of the tremendous pressure in a large city. Of course, if the ad. gives street and number, the need for haste is, if possible, even greater.

### Putting up a Strong Bluff

*Bluff strongly.* Next to promptness is the necessity of putting in a *convincing* letter of application. Remember that the employer will select or reject you for an interview according to the impression which your letter makes upon him, so don't be afraid to speak well of yourself. Modesty is a great virtue in its place, but it has no place in a letter of application. The employer does not know you, but you are supposed to know yourself, so, if your letter indicates that you have no confidence in yourself, why should he?

Of course, this does not mean that you should make any claims which you cannot make good. Actual humbug will surely be unmasked either in the interview or in the test which follows

Of course, you give references; they are always expected. They should not be too few nor, on the other hand, so numerous as to excite suspicion. If you happen to be short of good references because of short experience, or through being a stranger, don't be afraid to bluff a little there. Give the addresses of any good people who know you.

This is no place to speak of the mechanical part of letter-writing. I assume that every man who reads this has too good sense to expect to get any clerical position whatever by a letter which is otherwise than perfect

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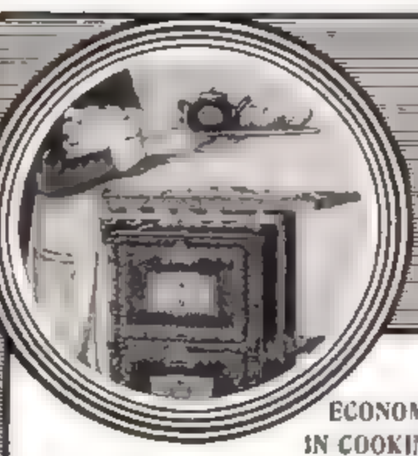

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If your letters fail to bring you any interviews, something is wrong with them or with you. Study them carefully and search out their defects. Remember that the sole object of all your letters is to get an interview with the advertiser, and that, if they fail to do it, no matter how admirable they may be in other respects, they are *failures*

Do not waste your time in answering ads. of such a kind that you stand no possible chance of obtaining an interview, or of being employed if you did. Learn the art of picking out quickly only those which are within your possible reach. For some occult reason men who wish to get canvassers seem often to think that there is some mysterious advantage gained by them through inserting obscurely worded ads., which will lead the applicant to suppose that some other kind of employment is offered. It is really a despicable trick, for it causes hundreds of poor men to waste postage and carfare which they can ill afford, to say nothing of wasted time and strength, in a wild-goose chase.

Spurn all ads. which hold out dazzling inducements, especially of big wages for easy work. The man whose sole desire is to earn an honest living will save himself from much danger and loss by bearing always in mind that business "snaps" for needy applicants exist only in story books.

Never pay any attention to any ad., however alluring, which requires a cash payment in advance to "secure" the position

So much for the application; now for the interview, supposing you are so fortunate as to obtain it. The man who does not know enough to present himself for inspection with clean face and hands, clothing and linen as neat as possible, no liquor on his breath, a businesslike manner, head up and looking his man straight in the eye, has no business to be looking for a position and is not likely to get it

But there are other things, less elementary but equally important. From the moment your foot crosses the office threshold remember that you are there to be "sized up." Never lose sight for a moment of the fact that your every look, gesture and word is making an impression on the employer's mind either for or against you. Be in no hurry; think before you speak

Speak with every appearance of frankness but with real reserve. In reply to a question give all the answer which is necessary and proper, and then stop. Do not allow embarrassment to lead you on to volunteer information which has not been called for. For instance, you are asked what experience you have had as office correspondent; the reply should be something like this: "Yes, sir, I handled a heavy mail for John Smith & Co., 999 State Street, dictating answers rapidly and correctly to stenographers. The letters were of all kinds, requiring discrimination and judgment in adapting my replies to the peculiarities of each writer."

That is ample answer to the question, except that, if you were with Smith & Co. a long time and left them for good reason, those items should be included. But it is not necessary for you to volunteer the information that you were there for a few weeks only, or that you left in consequence of a quarrel with Mr. Smith, or any other details which may prejudice your case. If you speak up like a little man and answer questions in good style, the chances are ten to one that the employer will be so favorably impressed that he will not think to ask for details.

There is always danger in volunteering information when you are under examination anywhere. You are liable to put your foot in it when you least expect it, for some men have prejudices which are easily excited by any chance remark, and they stick like fish glue to an idea which once finds lodgment in what they call their minds.

Of course, you think over what you will say before going to the interview. You know beforehand just about what questions are likely to be asked, and the answers should be already framed in your mind so that it will be easier to speak frankly and promptly Anything that looks like stammering and evasive hesitation is highly injurious

In regard to the test or trial little needs to be said. The time of danger generally begins in the second week. During the first week the "new man" is usually keyed up to concert-pitch by the novelty of his surroundings, but as soon as he gets well used to the position there is great danger that he will begin to feel sure of it and "let down." He forgets that he is still on trial, that the "old man" is furtively watching him, and still has in his drawer the applications of all those others, any one of whom will gladly step into his place if he fails to stand the test. In fact, in these days of swarming applicants no employee is ever safe if he "lets down."

Therefore spare no pains to please your employer. Let your zeal never flag. If he is an appreciative man you will reap your reward, if he treats his employees as slaves, be on the lookout for a better place; but in any case — *stick*

# CONJUROR'S HOUSE

(*Concluded from Page 11*)

*CHAPTER XVIII*

INSTANTLY the spell of inaction broke. The crowd recommenced its babel of jests, advices and farewells. Ned Trent swung down the bank to the shore. The boatmen fixed the canoe on the very edge of floating. Two of them lifted the young man aboard to a place on the furs by Virginia's side. Silently and steadily, run up by some invisible hand, the blood-red banner of the Company fluttered to the masthead Before it, alone, hulked huge against the sky, dominating these people in the symbolism of his position there as he did in the realities of every-day life, Galen Albret stood, his hands clasped behind his back. Virginia stretched her arms out to the solitary figure.

"Good-by! good-by!" she cried.

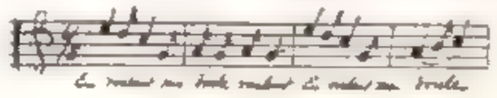
A tempest of cheers and shouts of adieu broke from those ashore. The paddles dipped once, twice, thrice, and paused. With one accord those on shore and those in the canoe raised their caps and said, "*Que Dieu vous bénisse.*" A moment's silence followed, during which the current of the mighty river bore the light craft a few yards down stream. Then from the ten *voyageurs* arose a shout.

"Abitibi! Abitibi!"

Their paddles struck in unison. The water swirled in white circular eddies. Instantly the canoe caught its momentum and began to slip along against the current. Achille Picard raised his voice, fixing the air:

"*En roulant ma boule roulante,*
*En roulant ma boule.*"

And the *voyageurs* struck into the quaint ballad of the fairy ducks and the naughty prince with his magic gun

"Derrièr' chez nous
Y-a-t-un étang,
*En roulant ma boule*"

The girl sank back, dabbing uncertainly at her eyes.

"I shall never see them again," she explained wistfully

The canoe had by now caught its speed. The Post was dropping astern. The rhythm of the song quickened as the singers told of how the king's son had aimed at the black duck but killed the white.

"Ah fils du roi, tu es méchant,
*En roulant ma boule,*
Toutes les plumes s'en vont au vent,
*Rouli roulant, ma boule roulant.*"

"*Way wik! way wik!*" commanded Me-en-gan from the bow.

The men quickened their stroke and shot diagonally across the current of an eddy

"*Ni-shi-shin,*" said Me-en-gan

They fell back into the old stroke, rolling out their full-throated measure.

"Toutes les plumes s'en vont au vent,
*En roulant ma boule*
Trois dames s'en vont les ramassant,
*Rouli roulant, ma boule roulant*

The canoe was now in the smooth rush of the first swifter water. The men bent to their work with stiffened elbows. Achille Picard flashed his white teeth back at them

"Ah, mademoiselle, eet is wan long way," he panted. "*C'est une longue traverse!*"

The term was evidently descriptive, but the lovers smiled at one another.

"So you do take *La Longue Traverse*, after all!" cried Virginia softly

Ned Trent clasped her hand.

"We will take it together," he replied.

Into the distance faded the Post. The canoe rounded a bend. It was gone. Ahead of them lay their long journey

(THE END)

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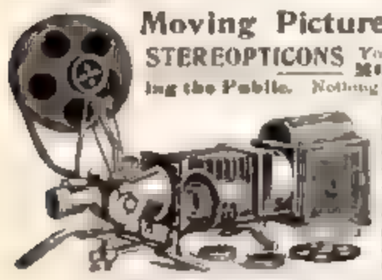

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STARS shone in the Andalusian sky; the sombre houses of Seville were bolted for the night, and Peter the Cruel's subjects were sleeping. Only the cry of the "Sereno," tramping pike and lantern in hand through the streets, marred the silence. In the troubled times of Peter's reign few ventured forth at night. The King was many times a murderer. No wonder if his subjects followed his lead.

After the watchman had passed, and the last echo of his voice had died away, a cloaked figure crept through the deserted street. The man wore a mask, and the plumed cap of a cavalier was drawn low upon his forehead. From time to time he stopped to listen, till, reassured by the silence, he crept on again. Occasionally he hesitated, and even retraced his steps, examining minutely the houses near by.

Suddenly a light flashed in an upper window. He concealed himself hurriedly in a doorway, the thin scabbard of his rapier grazing against the stone wall.

A woman's voice came from the window above—two figures were silhouetted against the curtain. Then the light was extinguished.

The masked man stole from his hiding-place and, creeping across the street, flattened himself against the opposite wall and waited.

Finally a bolt rattled in the door beside him, and a man cloaked like himself came out of the house. For a moment a stream of light fell full upon the stranger's features. A hurried word of farewell, then the door was closed—the street was in darkness again.

The masked man advanced quickly, and laid his hand on the newcomer's shoulder.

"We are well met, Don Rodrigo," he said.

"You have the advantage of me, Don Stranger," said the other, starting back suddenly.

"The friends of Doña Pilar should not be strangers."

"Doña Pilar's friends do not wear masks, nor skulk about at night like one of the King's bravos."

"Nor do the King's courtiers visit a friend of the King with impunity."

"Sir," said Don Rodrigo, stopping suddenly, "take off your mask, or I will tear it off. Honest men do not hide their features."

"Then do it with a point of steel," said the other, flashing his rapier from its scabbard.

"Willingly," cried Don Rodrigo, stepping back and grasping his sword hilt, "but I must know with whom I fight."

"With the friend of the King—the friend of Peter the Just!"

"Peter the Just! indeed! A mockery of words! Peter the Cruel—as he is known throughout the length and breadth of his suffering kingdom."

"The friend of the King permits no insult to his liege," said the other, stepping forward and striking Don Rodrigo's face sharply with his gloved hand.

Trembling, the young Sevillian drew his rapier.

"I will avenge that insult," he cried, "in spite of Peter's edict against dueling."

"His edict means death to the survivor," said the other grimly.

"Better death than insult unavenged. You shall fight, Sir Stranger, even though you are too cowardly to show your features to an honest man."

Both men threw aside their cloaks.

"To the death, Sir Rodrigo," called the man with the mask.

Don Rodrigo nodded grimly.

"On guard!" the stranger shouted, the point of his rapier falling to a position of defense. With the ease of an accomplished fencer he pressed his sword against his opponent's blade. There was noise of grating steel. Only the dim stars in the narrow sky above gave light. It was a moment to try the nerve of any man. Clash, went the rapiers, as the two foes parried for the advantage. The men were evenly matched; both were experts in the most finished school of fencing of the day.

Don Rodrigo fought angrily; his parries were sharp and decisive, his thrusts quick and desperate. The other pressed him hard, his defense was easy and light, the lunges cool and considered.

To Rodrigo's excited eyes, the masked stranger coolly parrying, calmly watching for the advantage, was the devil incarnate.

In desperation the young nobleman rushed his unknown foe, his eyes staring wildly, his thrusts too furious and ill considered. Don Rodrigo was an expert swordsman, but this fighting alone in the darkness, with the grim, strange adversary, whose very name was a secret, unnerved him.

He made a desperate lunge. "Take that, you fiend!" he cried.

With a dexterous turn of the wrist the other parried the thrust. Losing his balance from the misspent force of his lunge, Rodrigo slipped on the smooth stones. In an instant the unknown's sword had pierced his side, and with a low moan the impulsive Sevillian sank to the ground, the blood spurting from a clean cut wound under the heart.

The masked man bent over his fallen adversary. But the tragedy was ended. Already the lips had closed in death.

Calmly he withdrew his rapier from the wound and covered the face of his dead foe with a cloak. Then, exhausted by the


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excitement of the fight, he leaned for a moment against the house wall. Removing his mask he wiped his heated forehead, and then, with the same cloth, he carefully removed the blood stains from his rapier.

As he replaced the thin blade in its scabbard he smiled.

"The King's edict," he said, half aloud. "Death to him who fights a duel!"

On the morning following Don Rodrigo's death the Patio de la Monteria, in the Alcazar, was crowded with King Peter's courtiers. Over the Moorish palace floated the banner of Castile and Leon. Cufic arabesques in red, blue and gold blazed in the morning sun; pointed roofs and gilded domes rose against the sky. Amid the Oriental brilliance sat the young King, playing his favorite rôle of El Rey Justiciero. In looks he belied the name "Cruel," for his face was gentle and youthful. Long golden curls fell upon his shoulders, and only his cold blue eyes and thin, sinister lips betrayed the tyrant.

A corps of Alguacils—stern officers of Justice—guarded the King. Grouped about the throne were Albuquerque, the great time-serving minister, Juan de Manara, Ferran de Castro, Don Garcia Padilla, and all the band of brutal sycophants who followed in the King's train.

King Peter seemed to be awaiting some one, for he searched the faces of his courtiers.

"Where is the Alcaide?" he asked. "He should be here."

"The Alcaide was here awaiting Your Majesty," said Juan de Manara. "He was summoned hurriedly but a moment since by an officer of Justice."

The King's face clouded.

"Let him be sent for immediately," he said.

"It is unnecessary, Sire," answered Albuquerque. "Here comes the Alcaide."

The crowd of courtiers made way for the Governor of Seville.

"I crave a thousand pardons, Sire," said the aged Alcaide, bowing low to his liege. "Urgent business of Your Majesty detained me—an important capture of robbers."

The King eyed the man scornfully. For a moment he did not reply. The Governor was ill-fitted to serve a tyrant. His face was generous, with gentle eyes, and clear-cut features; his gray hair fell in curls upon his shoulders, and his beard was long and pointed; he looked more the patriarch than the servant of a ruffian's will.

"So, Sir Alcaide," the King said finally, with one of those cold smiles his courtiers had learned to fear, "you would have us believe that you are devoted to our service; that naught happens in Seville without your knowledge."

"Your Majesty's servants are ever watchful of your interests, Sire. I believe naught happens which comes not to the knowledge of the officers of the law."

The King glanced carelessly about the Patio.

"And dueling, Sir Alcaide? Has any one had the temerity to disregard our edict?"

"None, Your Majesty."

Again the smile crept over Peter's lips.

"Our own messengers bring other news," he said. "Do not your Alguacils sleep, Alcaide?"

The Governor's face grew pale, for the King's manner foreboded evil.

"Your Majesty's trusted messengers are all-wise," he faltered. "If my Alguacils sleep I can but crave Your Majesty's pardon."

"Pardon, indeed, Alcaide," growled the King. "Do your duty and you have no need for pardon. A duel has been fought, and I demand that you produce the survivor."

"But is Your Majesty positive?" said the Alcaide, trembling. "My Alguacils do not all sleep."

Peter's face grew dark.

"Wretch!" he cried, "do you doubt our royal word? A duel has been fought near the house of Pilatus. The victim is Don Rodrigo de Guzman. The offender—well, that is for you to discover."

"I, Your Majesty!"

"Yes, you, and your sleepy-eyed Alguacils. My edict is death to him who fights a duel. You must produce the criminal."

"But, Your Majesty," pleaded the terrified Governor. "He may have already crossed the Moorish frontier. Suppose he has escaped?"

"Then I will hang you in his place," said Peter coldly. "It will be a lesson to negligent Governors."

"Hang me, Sire!" blubbered the man. "Hang me because I did not prevent a duel of which I had no knowledge! Impossible!"

"The King's will is never impossible," and Peter the Cruel rose from his seat. "Unless in three days you produce the survivor of this duel and hang him before my eyes, you swing from the gibbet in his place. Enough has been said."

The poor Alcaide stood there stunned. He found no words to reply. Peter, followed by his courtiers, retired to the apartments of the Alcazar; the Patio was deserted by all except the sentries at the gates and the aged Governor, who stood gazing at the flagstones and thinking of the sentence of his liege.

During the two days which followed the King's sentence, Alguacils were dispatched in all directions, and each inhabitant of the *barrio* where the fight had taken place was interrogated separately, without avail. No clue to the unknown duelist was found.

The Alcaide was in despair. He knew too well the temper of the King to hope for mercy. His doom was sealed.

On the evening of the second day he called his family together to say farewell. In the morning he must appear at the Alcazar and acknowledge his failure. His wife advised escape. It was useless. The emissaries of Peter had dogged his footsteps; even then they guarded the house—the tyrant had taken care not to lose the momentary pleasure the Governor's execution would afford his dissolute court.

The Governor's only daughter counseled prayer. Kneeling together before the crucifix, the disconsolate family prayed that the Alcaide's life might be spared.

There came a gentle rap at the door. The Governor started. He feared it was Peter's summons. The eldest son hurriedly opened the door. Instead of the King's bravos, an old hag, with stooping shoulders and faltering step, entered the room. All wondered how she had passed the servants at the outer door.

"Sir Alcaide," she said, advancing toward the Governor, "my business is with the dead. I am a layer-out of corpses."

"What would you here?" he asked.

"They tell me there be need here of such an one as I ere this time to-morrow."

"Begone, you witch!" cried the Governor's son, seizing her arm.

The hag grinned. "I will go if you wish," she said, "but my secret goes with me."

"Your secret!" exclaimed the Alcaide; "what do you mean?"

"That I live in the street behind the house of Pilatus, and that sometimes I do not sleep well."

"Speak out, woman!" exclaimed the Governor.

"Hush!" said the hag mysteriously, placing her finger to her lips. "King Peter's emissaries are everywhere. I must speak with you alone, Sir Governor. Yonder in your cabinet."

"Willingly," said the Alcaide, advancing toward the cabinet door.

His son put forth a restraining hand. "This woman may intend evil," he said.

"What worse evil than that which has already befallen?" asked the Alcaide, as he threw open the door.

When they were alone the hag seized his hand. "The King has done us both evil—we are both his enemies."

"Speak out, woman!" cried the Governor excitedly. "What is your name?"

"I live in the street behind the house of Pilatus—is that not sufficient?"

"Your name. I must know your name. My Alguacils report none such as you living there."

"Then you do not know me," said the hag, in a changed tone of voice.

The Governor eyed her curiously. "No, I do not know you," he said.

"Don Rodrigo de Guzman was my friend."

"You are not Doña Pilar!" exclaimed the Governor excitedly. "Disguised in this manner!"

"Yes, I am Doña Pilar."

"And you know the assassin of Don Rodrigo?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Tell me his name. I die of anxiety!"

Doña Pilar approached the Governor. "I must whisper it. I dare not speak it—the walls have ears." Putting her lips to the Alcaide's ear she whispered a single word. The Governor started back in amazement.

"And the assassin—he must be hanged before the King's eyes, else I hang in his place."

"We will hang him before the King's eyes," said Doña Pilar firmly.

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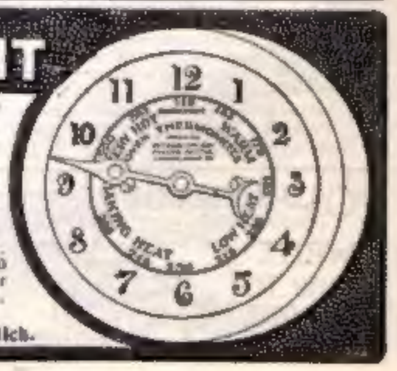

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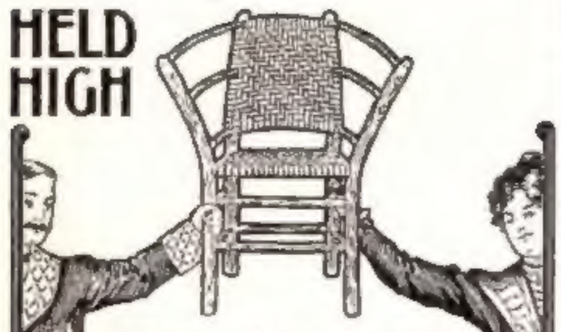

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Moorish custom. There was a stir of curiosity among the idle courtiers. All wondered whether the Alcaide was to hang for the crime of the unknown duelist.

The King's expression showed no sign of leniency. He glanced impatiently about the court. The Alcaide was not there.

Peter was not a man to be trifled with. He turned to Albuquerque and asked if his orders had been executed.

"They have, Sire," said the Minister. "The Governor will be here at ten o'clock."

"Even now he comes," said Garcia Padilla, as, dressed in his robes of office, and preceded by a squad of Alguacils, the venerable Alcaide entered the court. His step was firm, and his head erect. He approached the throne with confidence.

"Sire, I am here at your bidding," he said as he made obeisance.

"Well, Sir Alcaide," the King replied, with an evil smile. "Have you found the offender?"

"I have, Your Majesty."

The King looked puzzled.

"Can you bring him here?"

"Nothing could be easier than for Your Majesty to see him face to face," said the Governor.

"Villain!" shouted Peter, a fit of passion seizing him; "you have found no one! You are shirking to save your life. Unless the real man is brought here ——"

"But, Sire," interrupted the Governor, looking the King squarely in the face; "if you know the offender, why do you command me to seek him?"

"Because, unless the offender is hanged, you hang in his place. Are you prepared to fulfill that duty?"

"I am, Sire," said the Governor calmly. "The gibbet is erected at the place of execution. I but await Your Majesty's commands."

The King's face darkened. He eyed the Governor curiously. "'Tis well, Sir Alcaide," he said; "we will at once to the place of execution."

The King arose. There was a fanfare of trumpets. The guards fell in, and then, preceded by his heralds, Peter stepped forth from the Alcazar.

The court, at a loss to understand the proceedings, followed curiously. Only the Governor seemed unperturbed.

When the King reached the place of execution he saw the gibbet, with a rope dangling in the air. A platform had been erected for the royal party. All the preparations were complete. Peter seated himself upon the platform, his courtiers standing near.

"The preparations are complete, Your Majesty," said the Alcaide. "Shall the execution proceed?"

The King looked at him suspiciously. "Let the execution proceed," he said after a moment's hesitation.

The Alcaide gave the word of signal to his officers. Promptly a trap-door in the scaffold was opened, the noose was lowered and for a moment lost to sight. Then, amidst a flare of trumpets, an effigy of the King, dressed in royal robes, with crown and sceptre, swung in the air and dangled from the gibbet.

The court looked on in amazement. The King seemed stupefied, for he gazed silently at his effigy swaying in the wind. Just beyond the gibbet was a house. A woman sat in an open window surveying the scene. Suddenly the King met her glance and shuddered. It was Doña Pilar. Her dark eyes fixed their gaze upon the King, and he turned away. A murmur escaped from the amazed throng of courtiers.

Finally the Alcaide broke the silence. His words were spoken coldly.

"Has justice been done, Your Majesty?"

"Justice has been done," answered the King. "I am satisfied."

# Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

## The Mississippi Bubble

Mr. Emerson Hough, author of The Mississippi Bubble *(The Bowen-Merrill Company)*, has been well advised in his choice of a theme. We wonder that industrious writers of historic novels have not long ago floated Law's brilliant bubble through their pages. The details of that amazing scheme, the frenzy it aroused, the El Dorado so dazzling and so transient in which men believed as children believe a fairy-tale, the mad absurdities of the bewildered Parisians, which were like the absurdities of children at play—all these things are stranger far than fiction. Man's imagination halts lamely behind the truth, and cannot overtake it. The story of the Mississippi Bubble is like one of those marvelous conjuring tricks of the East, in which everything is made out of nothing, and collapses into nothingness again.

By the side of history Mr. Hough's tale is almost commonplace. He has striven to invest John Law with every attribute that can arrest attention; but the Law of St. Simon's Memoirs is a greater and far more interesting problem than the hero of any novel. Moreover, it is not until the close of the story that we see the bubble gleam. The first book is taken up with gambling, dueling, and some rather complicated love-making; the second with adventures among the Iroquois, in which the author has given unrestrained play to his fancy; and the third alone concerns itself with France and financiering.

As a lover, Mr. Hough's John Law is particularly unfortunate, because, like Othello, he has a bad habit of believing all he is told. One wonders sometimes how plays and novels would ever get written were it not for this herolike propensity. The gallery god who observed, after witnessing Othello, "Remember'in' how *he* ended has kept me from believin' lots I hear," had not frequented the theatre in vain. A very bad woman assures Law that a very good woman has deserted him, whereupon he falls an easy victim to her wiles. Later, when France has fallen an easier victim at his feet, and ruin is her reward, the good woman returns to him lovingly, and we are given to understand they are virtuously happy together.

If the blowing of the Bubble was Law's disastrous work, its breaking may be in some measure charged to the Regent, whose furious extravagance and folly would have wrecked far stabler schemes. Mr. Hough, indeed, is so delighted to have this princely scapegoat that he lifts all burden of blame from his hero's shoulders, fervently declaring that he was but "in advance of his age"—a gentle form of censure. "His method was the forerunner of the modern commercial system, which is of itself to-day but a tougher faith bubble, as may be seen in all the changing cycles of finance and trade. His bank was but a portion of a nobler dream. His system was but one vast belief, one glorious hope."

'Twas a charitable view, but we can afford to be more philosophic than were the Bubble's ruined victims three hundred years ago.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

## The Work of Dr. Van Dyke

It is said that the next book by Rev. Henry Van Dyke, whose volume, The Ruling Passion, is one of the enormous sellers of the day, is to be a book of Christmas stories, and that it will be brought out in the coming fall.

In this connection, a curious fact, little known except among those who were of his immediate congregation, is recalled; namely, that Doctor Van Dyke, when pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York, used to read charming Christmas stories of his own composition to gatherings of the little folk of the church, and it is said that a few of those tales are at length to come before the public in this volume.

Doctor Van Dyke lives in a charming old house close to that of former President Cleveland, in Princeton, and is Professor of English Literature in the University there.

## The Grievance of Georgie

Mr. Henry M. Hyde, author of The Reformed Messenger Boy, is a reporter on the staff of the Chicago Tribune. From his command of street slang it is commonly supposed that Mr. Hyde is a thorough metropolitan. On the contrary, he is known among his newspaper associates as "Farmer Hyde," and his peculiar vocabulary is acquired from the study of one of the messenger fraternity widely known as "Georgie."

"Georgie" at first thought it a fine joke to invent wildly impossible adventures and have them apparently received by a solemn-faced reporter as narratives of facts. Recently, however, he has discovered that the joke is on himself; and he says that he will go on a strike unless "Farmer Hyde" takes him into partnership and shares the proceeds.


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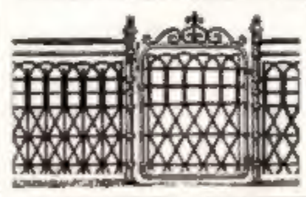

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### Money Kings of the World

SIX extraordinary papers on the personal characteristics of Morgan, Rockefeller, Rothschild, and the men who control the world's money markets. These brilliant, forceful articles are by Mr. W. T. Stead, Editor of the (London) *Review of Reviews*.

### The Steadfast Widow Delaney

A THREE-PART tale of a harebrained miner and his practical, hard-headed, soft-hearted wife—a veritable masterpiece; by Hamlin Garland. Begins next week.

### Gilbert Parker

GILBERT PARKER, author of The Right of Way, has written for the magazine a four-part serial of unusual power and interest; also one of his brilliant short stories of life in modern Egypt.

### Lilian Quiller-Couch

LILIAN QUILLER-COUCH is writing for the magazine a new series of sketches which are even more brilliant than The Love Affairs of Patricia. The first of these stories is entitled The Day I Was Ten, and in subsequent tales her heroine grows up into a love affair.

### Talks With His Kid Brother

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### Strong Business Papers

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### Summer Girls and Idle Fellows
### Jerome K. Jerome

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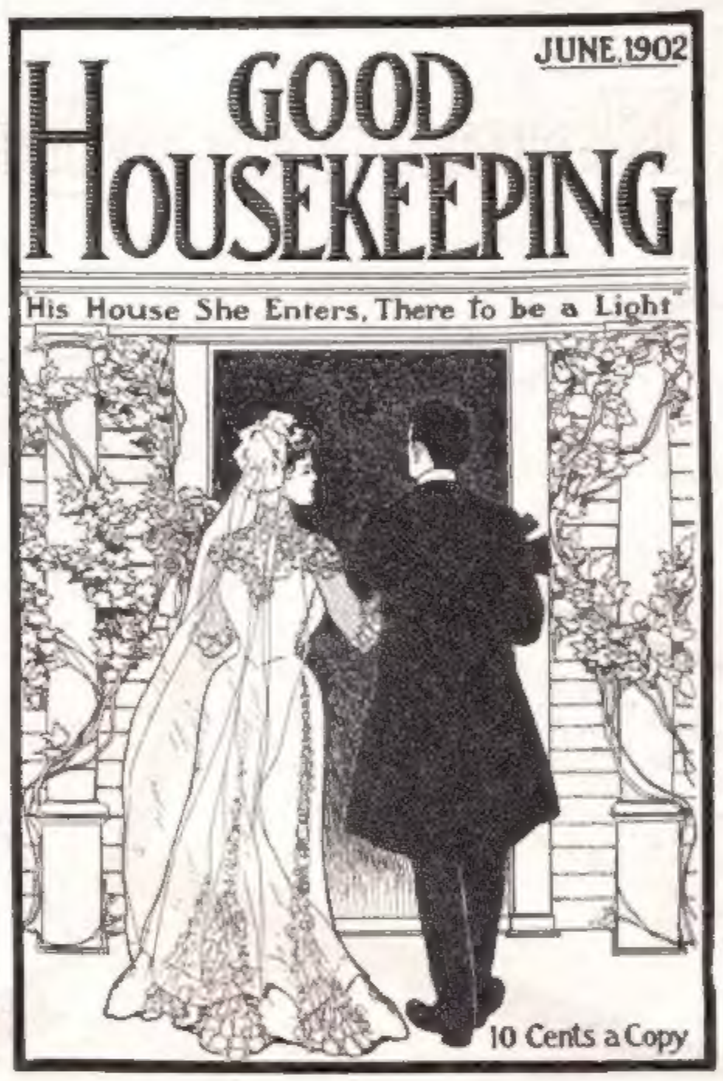


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